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THE

BRITISH POETS.

VOL. VII.

EDINBURGH:

Printed for A. KINCAID and W. CREECH,
and J. BALFOUR.

M, DCC, LXXIII.

BIBLIOTHECA
REGIA
MONACENSIS.

SELECT

POEMS

OF

MR A. COWLEY.

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POEMS

OF

Mr A. COWLEY.

I.

THE MOTTO.

Tentanda via eſt, &c. VIRG.

WHAT ſhall I do to be for ever known,
And make the age to come my own?
[a] * * * * *
Hence all the flattering vanities, that lay
Nets of roſes in the way.
Hence the deſire of honours, or eſtate;
And all, that is not above fate.
Hence love himſelf, that tyrant of my days,
Which intercepts my coming praiſe.

[a] Some lines of the original are left out.

Come, my beſt friends, my books, and lead me on;
'Tis time that I were gone.
Welcome, great Stagirite, and teach me now
All I was born to know.
Thy ſcholar's vict'ries thou doſt far out-do;
He conquer'd th' earth; the whole world, you.
Welcome, learn'd Cicero, whoſe bleſt tongue and wit
Preſerves Rome's greatneſs yet.
Thou art the firſt of orators; only he,
Who beſt can praiſe thee, next muſt be.
Welcome the Mantuan ſwan, Virgil the wiſe,
Whoſe verſe walks higheſt, but not flies.
Who brought green poeſy to her perfect age;
And made that art, which was a rage.
Tell me, ye mighty three, what ſhall I do
To be like one of you.
But ye have climb'd the mountain's top, there ſit
On the calm flouriſhing head of it,
And, whilſt with wearied ſteps we upward go,
See us, and clouds below.

II.

ODE.

ON WIT.

I.

TELL me, O tell, what kind of thing is wit,
Thou, who maſter art of it.
For the firſt matter loves variety leſs;
Leſs women love't, either in love or dreſs.

A thouſand different ſhapes it bears,
Comely in thouſand ſhapes appears.
Yonder we ſaw it plain; and here 'tis now,
Like ſpirits in a place, we know not how.

II.

London, that vents of falſe ware ſo much ſtore,
In no ware deceives us more.
For men, led by the co'our and the ſhape,
Like Zeuxes' birds, fly to the painted grape;
Some things do through our judgement paſs,
As through a multiplying glaſs.
And ſometimes, if the object be too far,
We take a falling meteor for a ſtar.

III.

Hence 'tis, a wit, that greateſt word of fame,
Grows ſuch a common name.
And wits by our creation they become,
Juſt ſo, as titular biſhops made at Rome.
'Tis not a tale, 'tis not a jeſt
Admir'd with laughter at a feaſt,
Nor florid talk, which can that title gain;
The proofs of wit for ever muſt remain.

IV.

'Tis not to force ſome lifeleſs verſes meet
With their five gouty feet.
All every where, like man's, muſt be the ſoul,
And reaſon the inferior powers controul.
Such were the numbers, which could call
The ſtones into the Theban wall.
Such miracles are ceas'd; and now we ſee
No towns or houſes rais'd by poetry.

V.

Yet, 'tis not to adorn, and gild each part;
That ſhows more coſt, than art.
Jewels at noſe and lips but ill appear;
Rather, than all things, wit, let none be there.
Several lights will not be ſeen,
If there be nothing elſe between.
Men doubt, becauſe they ſtand ſo thick i' th' ſky,
If thoſe be ſtars, which paint the galaxy.

VI.

'Tis not, when two like words make up one noiſe;
Jeſts for Dutch men, and Engliſh boys.
In which who finds out wit, the ſame may ſee
In anagrams and acroſtics, poetry.
Much leſs can that have any place
At which a virgin hides her face;
Such droſs the fire muſt purge away; 'tis juſt,
The author bluſh there, where the reader muſt.

VII.

'Tis not ſuch lines as almoſt crack the ſtage,
When Bajazet begins to rage.
Nor a tall metaphor in the bombaſt way,
Nor the dry chips of ſhort-lung'd Seneca.
Nor upon all things to obtrude
And force ſome odd ſimilitude.
What is it then, which, like the power divine,
We only can by negatives define?

III.

TO THE LORD FALKLAND.

For his safe Return from the Northern Expedition against the Scots.

GREAT is thy charge, O North; be wise and just,
England commits her Falkland to thy trust;
Return him safe: Learning would rather chuse
Her Bodley, or her Vatican, to lose.
All things, that are but writ or printed there,
In his unbounded breast engraven are.
There all the sciences together meet,
And every art does all her kindred greet,
Yet justle not, nor quarrel; but as well
Agree, as in some common principle.
So, in an army govern'd right, we see
(Though out of several countries rais'd it be)
That all their order and their place maintain,
The English, Dutch, the Frenchmen, and the Dane.
So thousand diverse species fill the air,
Yet neither croud nor mix confus'dly there;
Beasts, houses, trees, and men together lie,
Yet enter undisturb'd into the eye.
And this great prince of knowledge is by fate
Thrust into th'noise and business of a state.
All virtues, and some customs, of the court,
Other mens labour, are at least his sport.

Whilſt we, who can no action undertake,
Whom idleneſs itſelf might learned make,
Who hear of nothing, and as yet ſcarce know,
Whether the Scots in England be or no,
Pace dully on, oft tire, and often ſtay,
Yet ſee his nimble Pegaſus fly away.
'Tis nature's fault, who did thus partial grow,
And her eſtate of wit on one beſtow:
Whilſt we, like younger brothers, get at beſt
But a ſmall ſtock, and muſt work out the reſt.
How could he anſwer't, ſhould the ſtate think fit
To queſtion a monopoly of wit?
Such is the man, whom we require the ſame
We lent the North; untouch'd, as is his fame.
He is too good for war, and ought to be
As far from danger, as from fear he's free.
Thoſe men alone (and thoſe are uſeful, too)
Whoſe valour is the only art they know,
Were for ſad war and bloody battles born:
Let them the ſtate defend, and he adorn.

IV.

On the Death of Mr JORDAN,

Second Maſter at Weſtminſter-School.

HERE lies the maſter of my tender years,
The guardian of my parent's hope and fears,
Whoſe government ne'er ſtood me in a tear;
All weeping was reſerv'd to ſpend it here.
He pluck'd from youth the follies and the crimes,
And built [illegible] againſt the [illegible]ure times;

For deeds of age are in their cauſes then,
And though he taught but boys, he made the men.
Hence 'twas, a maſter, in thoſe ancient days
When men ſought knowledge firſt, and by it praiſe,
Was a thing full of reverence, profit, fame;
Father itſelf was but a ſecond name.
And if a Muſe hereafter ſmile on me,
And ſay, "Be thou a poet," men ſhall ſee
That none could a more grateful ſcholar have;
For what I ow'd his life, I'll pay his grave.

V.

On the Death of Mr WILLIAM HERVEY.

Immodicis brevis eſt aetas, et rara ſenectus. MART.

I.

IT was a diſmal, and a fearful night,
Scarce could the morn drive on th'unwilling light,
When ſleep, death's image, left my troubled breaſt,
By ſomething, liker death, poſſeſt.
My eyes with tears did uncommanded flow,
And on my ſoul hung the dull weight
Of ſome intolerable fate.
What bell was that? Ah me! too much I know.

II.

My ſweet companion, and my gentle peer,
Why haſt thou left me thus unkindly here,
Thy end for ever, and my life to moan;
O thou haſt left me all alone!
Thy ſoul and body, when death's agony

Beſieg'd, around, thy noble heart,
Did not with more reluctance part,
Than I, my deareſt friend, do part from thee.

III.

My deareſt friend, would I had dy'd for thee!
Life and this world henceforth will tedious be.
Nor ſhall I know hereafter what to do,
If once my griefs prove tedious, too.
Silent and ſad I walk about all day,
As ſullen ghoſts ſtalk ſpeechleſs by,
Where their hid treaſures lie;
Alas, my treaſure's gone, why do I ſtay?

IV.

He was my friend, the trueſt friend on earth;
A ſtrong and mighty influence join'd our birth.
Nor did we envy the moſt ſounding name
By friendſhip giv'n of old to fame.
None but his brethren he, and ſiſters knew,
Whom the kind youth preferr'd to me;
And ev'n in that we did agree,
For much above myſelf I lov'd them, too.

V.

Say, for you ſaw us, ye immortal lights,
How oft unweary'd have we ſpent the nights?
Till the Ledæan ſtars, ſo fam'd for love,
Wonder'd at us from above.
We ſpent them not in toys, in luſts, or wine;
But ſearch of deep philoſophy,
Wit, eloquence, and poetry,
Arts which I lov'd, for they, my friend, were thine.

VI.

Ye fields of Cambridge, our dear Cambridge, ſay,

Have ye not ſeen us walking every day?
Was there a tree about, which did not know
The love betwixt us two?
Henceforth, ye gentle trees, for ever fade;
Or your ſad branches thicker join,
And into darkſome ſhades combine,
Dark, as the grave, wherein my friend is laid.

VII.

Henceforth no learned youths beneath you ſing,
Till all the tuneful birds to' your boughs they bring;
No tuneful birds play with their wonted chear,
And call the learned youths to hear;
No whiſtling winds through the glad branches fly,
But all with ſad ſolemnity,
Mute and unmoved be,
Mute, as the grave, wherein my friend does lie.

VIII.

To him my Muſe made haſte with every ſtrain,
Whilſt it was new, and warm yet from the brain.
He lov'd my worthleſs rhimes, and, like a friend,
Would find out ſomething to commend.
Hence now, my Muſe, thou canſt not me delight;
Be this my lateſt verſe
With which I now adorn his hearſe,
And this my grief, without thy help, ſhall write.

IX.

Had I a wreath of bays about my brow,
I ſhould contemn that flouriſhing honour now,
Condemn it to the fire, and joy to hear
It rage and crackle there.
Inſtead of bays, crown with ſad cypreſs me;
Cypreſs, which tombs does beautify;

Not Phoebus griev'd, ſo much as I,
For him, who firſt was made that mournful tree.

X.

Large was his ſoul; as large a ſoul as e'er
Submitted to inform a body here.
High as the place 'twas ſhortly in heav'n to have,
But low, and humble as his grave.
So high, that all the virtues there did come
As to their chiefeſt ſeat
Conſpicuous, and great;
So low, that for me too it made a room.

XI.

He ſcorn'd this buſy world below, and all
That we, miſtaken mortals, pleaſure call;
Was fill'd with innocent gallantry and truth,
Triumphant o'er the ſins of youth.
He, like the ſtars, to which he now is gone,
That ſhine with beams like flame,
Yet burn not with the ſame,
Had all the light of youth, of the fire none.

XII.

Knowledge he only ſought, and ſo ſoon caught,
As if for him knowledge had rather ſought.
Nor did more learning ever crowded lie
In ſuch a ſhort mortality.
Whene'er the ſkilful youth diſcourſed or writ,
Still did the notions throng
About his eloquent tongue,
Nor could his ink flow faſter than his wit.

XIII.

So ſtrong a wit did nature to him frame,
As all things, but his judgment, overcame;

His judgment, like the heav'nly moon, did ſhow,
Temp'ring that mighty ſea below.
Oh, had he liv'd in learning's world, what bound
Would have been able to controul
His over-powering ſoul?
We've loſt in him arts, that not yet are found.

XIV.

His mirth was the pure ſpirits of various wit,
Yet never did his God or friends forget.
And, when deep talk and wiſdom came in view,
Retir'd and gave to them their due.
For the rich help of books he always took,
Though his own ſearching mind before
Was ſo with notions written o'er,
As if wiſe nature had made that her book.

XV.

So many virtues join'd in him, as we
Can ſcarce pick here and there in hiſtory.
More than old writers practice e'er could reach,
As much as they could ever teach.
Theſe did religion, queen of virtues, ſway,
And all their ſacred motions ſteer,
Juſt like the firſt and higheſt ſphere
Which wheels about, and turns all heav'n one way.

XVI.

With as much zeal, devotion, piety,
He always liv'd, as other ſaints do die.
Still with his ſoul ſevere account he kept,
Weeping all debts out, ere he ſlept.
Then down in peace and innocence he lay,
Like the ſun's laborious light,
Which ſtill in water ſets at night,
Unſullied with his journey of the day.

XVII.

Wondrous young man, why wert thou made ſo good,
To be ſnatch'd hence, ere better underſtood?
Snatch'd, before half of thee enough was ſeen!
Thou ripe; and yet thy life but green!
Nor could thy friends take their laſt ſad farewel,
But danger and infectious death
Maliciouſly ſeiz'd on that breath
Where life, ſpirit, pleaſure, always us'd to dwell.

XVIII.

But happy thou, ta'en from this frantic age,
Where ignorance and hypocriſy does rage!
A fitter time for heav'n no ſoul e'er choſe,
The place now only free from thoſe.
There 'mong the bleſt thou doſt for ever ſhine,
And whereſoe'er thou caſts thy view
Upon that white and radiant crew,
See'ſt not a ſoul cloath'd with more light than thine.

XIX.

And, if the glorious ſaints ceaſe not to know
Their wretched friends, who fight with life below;
Thy flame to me does ſtill the ſame abide,
Only more pure and rarified.
There, whilſt immortal hymns thou doſt rehearſe,
Thou doſt with holy pity ſee
Our dull and earthly poeſy,
Where grief and miſery can be join'd with verſe.

VI.

Imitation of MARTIAL, Lib. v. Ep. 21.

" SI tecum mihi, care Martialis,
" Securis liceat frui diebus ;
" Si diſponere tempus otioſum,
" Et verae pariter vacare vitae :
" Nec nos atria, nec domos potentum,
" Nec lites tetricas, forumque triſte
" Noſſemus, nec imagines ſuperbas :
" Sed geſtatio, fabulae, libelli,
" Campus, porticus, umbra, virgo, thermae ;
" Haec eſſent loca ſemper, hi labores.
" Nunc vivit ſibi neuter, heu, bonoſque
" Soles effugere atque abire ſentit ;
" Qui nobis pereunt, et imputantur.
" Quiſquam vivere cum ſciat, moratur ?"

IF, deareſt friend, it my good fate might be
T' enjoy at once a quiet life and thee;
If we for happineſs could leiſure find,
And wandering time into a method bind,
We ſhould not ſure the great man's favour need,
Nor on long hopes, the court's thin diet, feed.
We ſhould not patience find daily to hear
The calumnies, and flatteries, ſpoken there.
We ſhould not a lord's table humbly uſe,
Or talk, in ladies chambers, love and news;

But books, and wiſe diſcourſe, gardens and fields,
And all the joys, that unmix'd nature yields.
Thick ſummer ſhades, where winter ſtill does lie;
Bright winter fires, that ſummer's part ſupply.
Sleep, not controll'd by cares, confin'd to night,
Or bound in any rule, but appetite.
Free, but not ſavage or ungracious mirth;
Rich wines, to give it quick and eaſy birth.
A few companions, which ourſelves ſhould chuſe,
A gentle miſtreſs, and a gentler Muſe.
Such, deareſt friend, ſuch, without doubt, ſhould be
Our place, our buſineſs, and our company.
Now to himſelf, alas! does neither, live,
But ſees good ſuns, of which we are to give
A ſtrict account, ſet and march thick away;
Knows a man how to live, and does he ſtay?

VII.

THE CHRONICLE.

A BALLAD.

I.

MARGARITA firſt poſſeſs'd,
If I remember well, my breaſt,
Margarita, firſt of all;
But, when a while the wanton maid
With my reſtleſs heart had play'd,
Martha took the flying ball.

II.

Martha ſoon did it reſign
To the beauteous Catharine.
Beauteous Catharine gave place
(Though loth and angry ſhe to part
With the poſſeſſion of my heart)
To Eliſa's conquering face.

III.

Eliſa till this hour might reign,
Had ſhe not evil counſels ta'en;
Fundamental laws ſhe broke,
And ſtill new favourites ſhe choſe,
Till up in arms my paſſions roſe,
And caſt away her yoke.

IV.

Mary then and gentle Anne
Both to reign at once began;
Alternately they ſway'd:
And ſometimes Mary was the fair,
And ſometimes Anne the crown did wear,
And ſometimes both I obey'd.

V.

Another Mary then aroſe,
And did rigorous laws impoſe:
A mighty tyrant, ſhe!
Long, alas! ſhould I have been
Under that iron-ſcepter'd queen,
Had not Rebecca ſet me free.

VI.

When fair Rebecca ſet me free,
'Twas then a golden time with me;
But ſoon thoſe pleaſures fled:

For the gracious princeſs dy'd
In her youth and beauty's pride,
And Judith reigned in her ſtead.

VII.

One month, three days, and half an hour,
Judith held thė ſovereign power:
Wondrous beautiful her face;
But ſo weak and ſmall her wit,
That ſhe to govern was unfit,
And ſo Suſanna took her place.

VIII.

But, when Iſabella came,
Arm'd with a reſiſtleſs flame,
And th' artillery of her eye;
Whilſt ſhe proudly march'd about
Greater conqueſts to find out,
She beat out Suſan by the bye.

IX.

But in her place I then obey'd
Black-ey'd Beſs, her viceroy-maid,
To whom enſu'd a vacancy.
Thouſand worſe paſſions then poſſeſs'd
The interregnum of my breaſt:
Bleſs me from ſuch an anarchy!

X.

Gentle Henrietta then,
And a third Mary next began;
Then Joan, and Jane, and Audria,
And then a pretty Thomaſine,
And then another Katharine,
And then a long *et caetera*.

XI.

But ſhould I now to you relate,
The ſtrength and riches of their ſtate,
The powder, patches, and the pins,
The ribbands, jewels, and the rings,
The lace, the paint, and warlike things,
That make up all their magazines:

XII.

If I ſhould tell the politic arts
To take and keep mens hearts;
The letters, embaſſies, and ſpies,
The frowns, and ſmiles, and flatteries,
The quarrels, tears, and perjuries,
Numberleſs, nameleſs myſteries!

XIII.

And all the little lime-twigs laid
By Machiavel, the waiting-maid;
I more voluminous ſhould grow
(Chiefly, if I like them ſhould tell
All change of weathers that befell)
Than Holinſhead or Stow.

XIV.

But I will briefer with them be,
Since few of them were long with me.
An higher and a nobler ſtrain
My preſent empereſs does claim,
Heleonora, *firſt o' th' name;*
Whom *God grant long to reign!*

VIII.

On the Death of Sir ANTONY VANDIKE, the famous Painter.

VANDIKE is dead; but what bold Muſe ſhall dare
(Though poets in that word with painters ſhare)
T'expreſs her ſadneſs? Poeſy muſt become
An art, like painting here, an art, that's dumb.
Let's all our ſolemn grief in ſilence keep,
Like ſome ſad picture, which he made to weep,
Or thoſe who ſaw't; for none his works could view
Unmov'd with the ſame paſſions which he drew.
His pieces ſo with their live objects ſtrive,
That both, or pictures ſeem, or both alive.
Nature herſelf, amaz'd, does doubting ſtand,
Which is her own, and which the painter's hand,
And does attempt the like with leſs ſucceſs,
When her own work in twins ſhe would expreſs.
His all-reſembling pencil did out-paſs
The mimic imagery of looking-glaſs.
Nor was his life leſs perfect, than his art,
Nor was his hand leſs erring, than his heart.
There was no falſe, or fading colour there,
The figures ſweet and well-proportion'd were.
Moſt other men, ſet next to him in view,
Appear'd more ſhadows than the men he drew.
Thus ſtill he liv'd, till heav'n did for him call,

Where reverend Luke ſalutes him firſt of all:
Where he beholds new ſights, divinely fair;
And could almoſt wiſh for his pencil there;
Did he not gladly ſee how all things ſhine,
Wondrouſly painted in the mind divine,
Whilſt he, for ever raviſh'd with the ſhow,
Scorns his own art, which we admire below.
Only his beauteous lady ſtill he loves;
(The love of heavenly objects heaven improves)
He ſees bright angels in pure beams appear,
And thinks on her he left ſo like them here.
And you, fair widow, who ſtay here alive,
Since he ſo much rejoices, ceaſe to grieve.
Your joys and griefs were wont the ſame to be;
Begin not now, bleſt pair, to diſagree.
No wonder, death mov'd not his generous mind:
You, and a new-born you, he left behind.
Even fate expreſs'd his love to his dear wife,
And let him end your picture with his life.

IX.

To Sir WILLIAM DAVENANT:

Upon his two firſt Books of GONDIBERT, finiſhed before his Voyage to America.

METHINKS, heroic poeſy, till now,
Like ſome fantaſtic fairy-land did ſhow;
Gods, devils, nymphs, witches, and giants race,
And all, but man, in man's chief work had place.
Thou, like ſome worthy knight, with ſacred arms

Doſt drive the monſters thence, and end the charms;
Inſtead of thoſe, doſt men and manners plant,
The things, which that rich ſoil did chiefly want.
Yet even thy mortals do their gods excell,
Taught by the Muſe to fight and love ſo well.
By fatal hands whilſt preſent empires fall,
Thine from the grave paſt monarchies recall.
So much more thanks from human kind does merit
The poet's fury, than the zealot's ſpirit.
And from the grave thou mak'ſt this empire riſe,
Not, like ſome dreadful ghoſt, t' affright our eyes,
But with more luſtre and triumphant ſtate,
Than when it crown'd at proud Verona ſate.
So will our God rebuild man's periſh'd frame,
And raiſe him up much better, yet the ſame:
So god-like poets do paſt things rehearſe,
Not change, but heighten, nature by their verſe.
With ſhame, methinks, great Italy muſt ſee
Her conquerors rais'd to life again by thee.
Rais'd by ſuch powerful verſe, that ancient Rome
May bluſh no leſs to ſee her wit o'ercome.
Some men their fancies, like their faith, derive,
And think all ill but that which Rome does give.
The marks of old and catholic would find,
To the ſame chair would truth and fiction bind.
Thou in thoſe beaten paths diſdain'ſt to tread,
And ſcorn'ſt to live by robbing of the dead.
Since time does all things change, thou think'ſt not fit
This latter age ſhould ſee all new, but wit.
Thy fancy, like a flame, its way does make,
And leave bright tracks for following pens to take.

Sure 'twas this noble boldneſs of the Muſe
Did thy deſire to ſeek new worlds infuſe,
And ne'er did heav'n ſo much a voyage bleſs,
If thou canſt plant but there, with like ſucceſs.

X.

On the death of Mr CRASHAW.

POET and Saint! to thee alone are given
The two moſt ſacred names of earth and heaven;
The hard and rareſt union, which can be,
Next that of Godhead with humanity.
Long did the Muſes baniſh'd ſlaves abide,
And built vain pyramids to mortal pride;
Like Moſes thou (though ſpells and charms withſtand)
Haſt brought them nobly home back to their Holy Land.
Ah wretched we, poets of earth! but thou
Wert, living, the ſame poet, which thou'rt now.
Whilſt angels ſing to thee their airs divine,
And joy in an applauſe ſo great as thine,
Equal ſociety with them to hold,
Thou need'ſt not make new ſongs, but ſay the old.
And they (kind ſpirits!) ſhall all rejoice to ſee
How little leſs than they, exalted man may be.
Still the old heathen gods in numbers dwell,
The heavenlieſt thing on earth ſtill keeps up hell.
Nor have we yet quite purg'd the Chriſtian land;
Still idols here, like calves at Bethel, ſtand.

And though Pan's death long ſince all oracles broke,
Yet ſtill in rhyme the fiend Apollo ſpoke:
Nay with the worſt of heathen dotage we
(Vain men!) the monſter woman deify;
Find ſtars, and tie our fates there, in a face,
And Paradiſe in them, by whom we loſt it, place.
What different faults corrupt our Muſes thus!
Wanton as girls, as old wives, fabulous!
Thy ſpotleſs Muſe, like Mary, did contain
The boundleſs Godhead; ſhe did well diſdain
That her eternal verſe employ'd ſhould be
On a leſs ſubject than eternity;
And for a ſacred miſtreſs ſcorn'd to take,
But her, whom God himſelf ſcorn'd not his ſpouſe to make.
It (in a kind) her miracle did do;
A fruitful mother was, and virgin too.
How well (bleſt ſwan) did fate contrive thy death;
And made thee render up thy tuneful breath
In thy great miſtreſs' arms! thou moſt diviñe
And richeſt offering of Loretto's ſhrine!
Where, like ſome holy ſacrifice, t'expire,
A fever burns thee, and love lights the fire.
Angels (they ſay) brought the fam'd chapel there,
And bore the ſacred load in triumph through the air.
'Tis ſurer much, they brought thee there; and they,
And thou, their charge, went ſinging all the way.
Pardon, my mother church, if I conſent
That angels led him, when from thee he went;
For even in error ſure no danger is,
When join'd with ſo much piety as his.
Ah, mighty God, with ſhame I ſpeak't, and grief,
Ah that our greateſt faults were in belief!

And our weak reaſon were ev'n weaker yet,
Rather than thus our wills too ſtrong for it.
His faith, perhaps, in ſome nice tenets might
Be wrong; his life, I'm ſure, was in the right.
And I myſelf a catholic will be,
So far at leaſt, great ſaint, to pray to thee.
Hail, bard triumphant! and ſome care beſtow
On us, the poets militant below!
Oppos'd by our old enemy, adverſe chance,
Attack'd by envy, and by ignorance,
Enchain'd by beauty, tortur'd by deſires,
Expos'd by tyrant-love to ſavage beaſts and fires.
Thou from low earth in nobler flames didſt riſe,
And, like Elijah, mount alive the ſkies.
Eliſha-like (but with a wiſh much leſs,
More fit thy greatneſs, and my littleneſs)
Lo here, I beg (I whom thou once didſt prove
So humble to eſteem, ſo good to love)
Not that thy ſpirit might on me doubled be,
I aſk but half thy mighty ſpirit for me.
And, when my muſe ſoars with ſo ſtrong a wing,
'Twill learn of things divine, and firſt of thee, to ſing.

XI.

ANACREONTICS.

OR,

Some Copies of Verſes tranſlated Paraphraſtically out of ANACREON.

I.

LOVE.

I'LL ſing of heroes, and of kings;
In mighty numbers, mighty things.
Begin, my Muſe; but lo, the ſtrings
To my great ſong rebellious prove;
The ſtrings will ſound of nought, but love.
I broke them all, and put on new;
'Tis this, or nothing ſure, will do.
Theſe ſure (ſaid I) will me obey;
Theſe ſure heroic notes will play.
Straight I began with thundering Jove,
And all th' immortal pow'rs, but love.
Love ſmil'd, and from my enfeebled lyre
Came gentle airs, ſuch as inſpire
Melting love, and ſoft deſire.
Farewel, then, heroes, farewel kings,
And mighty numbers, mighty things;
Love tunes my heart juſt to my ſtrings.

II.

DRINKING.

THE thirſty earth ſoaks up the rain,
And drinks, and gapes for drink again.
The plants ſuck in the earth, and are,
With conſtant drinking, freſh and fair.
The ſea itſelf, which, one would think,
Should have but little need of drink,
Drinks ten thouſand rivers up,
So fill'd, that they o'erflow the cup.
The buſy ſun (and one would gueſs,
By's drunken fiery face, no leſs)
Drinks up the ſea, and, when he'as done,
The moon and ſtars drink up the ſun.
They drink and dance by their own light,
They drink and revel all the night.
Nothing in nature's ſober found,
But an eternal health goes round.
Fill up the bowl then, fill it high,
Fill all the glaſſes there; for why
Should every creature drink, but I,
Why, man of morals, tell me why?

III.

BEAUTY.

LIBERAL nature did diſpenſe
To all things arms for their defence;

And ſome ſhe arms with ſinewy force,
And ſome, with ſwiftneſs in the courſe;
Some, with hard hoofs, or forked claws,
And ſome, with horns, or tuſked jaws;
And ſome with ſcales, and ſome with wings,
And ſome with teeth, and ſome with ſtings.
Wiſdom to man ſhe did afford,
Wiſdom for ſhield, and wit for ſword.
What to beauteous woman-kind,
What arms, what armour, has ſhe aſſign'd?
Beauty is both; for with the fair
What arms, what armour, can compare?
What ſteel, what gold, or diamond,
More impaſſible is found?
And yet what flame, what lightning e'er,
So great an active force did bear?
They are all weapon, and they dart,
Like porcupines, from every part.
Who can, alas, their ſtrength expreſs,
Arm'd, when they themſelves undreſs,
Cap-a-pee with nakedneſs?

IV.

THE DUEL.

YES, I will love then, I will love,
I will not now love's rebel prove,
Though I was once his enemy;
Though, ill-advis'd and ſtubborn, I
Did to the combat him defy,

An helmet, ſpear, and mighty ſhield,
Like ſome new Ajax, I did wield.
Love in one hand his bow did take,
In th' other hand a dart did ſhake.
But yet in vain the dart did throw,
In vain he often drew the bow.
So well my armour did reſiſt,
So oft by flight the blow I miſs'd.
But when I thought all danger paſt,
His quiver emptied quite at laſt,
Inſtead of arrow, or of dart,
He ſhot himſelf into my heart.
The living and the killing arrow
Ran through the ſkin, the fleſh, the blood,
And broke the bones, and ſcorch'd the marrow.
No trench or work of life withſtood.
In vain I now the walls maintain,
I ſet out guards and ſcouts in vain,
Since th' enemy does within remain.
In vain, a breaſt-plate now I wear,
Since in my breaſt the foe I bear.
In vain, my feet their ſwiftneſs try;
For from the body can they fly?

V.

AGE.

OFT am I by the women told,
Poor Anacreon, thou grow'ſt old:

Look, how thy hairs are falling all!
Poor Anacreon, how they fall!
Whether I grow old or no,
By th' effects I do not know.
This I know, without being told,
'Tis time to live, if I grow old,
'Tis time ſhort pleaſures now to take,
Of little life the beſt to make,
And manage wiſely the laſt ſtake.

VI.

THE ACCOUNT.

WHEN all the ſtars are by thee told,
(The endleſs ſums of heavenly gold)
Or, when the hairs are reckon'd all,
From ſickly autumn's head that fall,
Or, when the drops that make the ſea,
Whilſt all her ſands thy counters be;
Thou then, and thou alone, may'ſt prove
Th' arithmetician of my love.
An hundred loves at Athens ſcore,
At Corinth write an hundred more:
Fair Corinth does ſuch beauties bear,
So few is an eſcaping there.
Write then at Chios ſeventy-three;
Write then at Leſbos (let me ſee)
Write me at Leſbos ninety down,
Full ninety loves, and half a one.

And next to theſe let me preſent
The fair Ionian regiment.
And next the Carian company,
Five hundred both effectively.
Three hundred more at Rhodes and Crete;
Three hundred, 'tis I'm ſure, complete;
For arms at Crete each face does bear,
And every eye's an archer there.
Go on; this ſtop why doſt thou make?
Thou think'ſt, perhaps, that I miſtake.
Seems this to thee too great a ſum?
Why many thouſands are to come;
The mighty Xerxes could not boaſt
Such different nations in his hoſt.
On; for my love, if thou be'ſt weary,
Muſt find ſome better ſecretary.
I have not yet my Perſian told,
Nor yet my Syrian loves enroll'd,
Nor Indian, nor Arabian;
Nor Cyprian loves, nor African;
Nor Scythian, nor Italian flames;
There's a whole map behind of names;
Of gentle loves i' th' temperate zone,
And cold ones in the frigid zone;
Cold frozen loves, with which I pine,
And parched loves, beneath the line.

VII.

GOLD.

A MIGHTY pain to love it is,
And 'tis a pain that pain to miſs.
But of all pains the greateſt pain
It is to love, but love in vain.
Virtue now, nor noble blood,
Nor wit by love is underſtood,
Gold alone does paſſion move,
Gold monopolizes love!
A curſe on her, and on the man
Who this traffic firſt began!
A curſe on him who found the ore!
A curſe on him who digg'd the ſtore!
A curſe on him who did refine it!
A curſe on him who firſt did coin it!
A curſe, all curſes elſe above,
On him who us'd it firſt in love!
Gold begets in brethren hate,
Gold, in families debate;
Gold does friendſhip ſeparate,
Gold does civil wars create.
Theſe the ſmalleſt harms of it!
Gold, alas! does love beget.

VIII.

THE EPICURE.

FILL the bowl with roſy wine,
Around our temples roſes twine,
And let us chearfully a while,
Like the wine and roſes, ſmile.
Crown'd with roſes, we contemn
Gyges' wealthy diadem.
To-day is ours; what do we fear?
To-day is ours; we have it here.
Let's treat it kindly, that it may
Wiſh, at leaſt, with us to ſtay.
Let's baniſh buſineſs, baniſh ſorrow;
To the gods belongs to-morrow.

IX.

ANOTHER.

UNDERNEATH this myrtal ſhade,
On flowery beds ſupinely laid,
With odorous oils my head o'er-flowing,
And around it roſes growing,
What ſhould I do but drink away
The heat and troubles of the day?
In this more than kingly ſtate,
Love himſelf ſhall on me wait.

Fill to me, love, nay, fill it up;
And mingled caſt into the cup,
Wit, and mirth, and noble fires,
Vigorous health, and gay deſires.
The wheel of life no leſs will ſtay
In a ſmooth, than rugged way.
Since it equally does flee,
Let the motion pleaſant be.
Why do we precious ointments ſhower,
Nobler wines why do we pour,
Beauteous flowers why do we ſpread,
Upon the monuments of the dead?
Nothing they but duſt can ſhow,
Or bones, that haſten to be ſo.
Crown me with roſes whilſt I live,
Now your wines and ointments give.
After death I nothing crave,
Let me alive my pleaſures have;
All are Stoics in the grave.

X.

THE GRASSHOPPER.

HAPPY inſect, what can be,
In happineſs, compar'd to thee?
Fed with nouriſhment divine,
The dewy morning's gentle wine!
Nature waits upon thee ſtill,
And thy verdant cup does fill;

'Tis fill'd, wherever thou doſt tread,
Nature's ſelf's thy Ganymed.
Thou doſt drink, and dance, and ſing;
Happier than the happieſt king!
All the fields, which thou doſt ſee,
All the plants, belong to thee,
All that ſummer hours produce,
Fertile made with early juice.
Man for thee does ſow and plow;
Farmer he, and landlord thou!
Thou doſt innocently joy;
Nor does thy luxury deſtroy;
The ſhepherd gladly heareth thee,
More harmonious than he.
Thee, country hinds with gladneſs hear,
Prophet of the ripen'd year!
Thee, Phoebus loves, and does inſpire;
Phoebus is himſelf thy ſire.
To thee, of all things upon earth,
Life is no longer than thy mirth.
Happy inſect, happy thou
Doſt neither age nor winter know.
But, when thou'ſt drunk, and danc'd, and ſung
Thy fill, the flowery leaves among,
(Voluptuous, and wiſe, with all,
Epicurean animal!)
Sated with thy ſummer feaſt,
Thou retir'ſt to endleſs reſt.

XI.

THE SWALLOW.

FOOLISH prater, what doſt thou
So early at my window do,
With thy tuneleſs ſerenade?
Well 't had been, had Tereus made
Thee, as dumb, as Philomel;
There his knife had done but well.
In thy undiſcover'd neſt
Thou doſt all the winter reſt,
And dreameſt o'er thy ſummer joys,
Free from the ſtormy ſeaſon's noiſe:
Free from th' ill thou'ſt done to me;
Who diſturbs, or ſeeks out thee?
Hadſt thou all the charming notes
Of the wood's poetic throats,
All thy art could never pay
What thou'ſt ta'en from me away;
Cruel bird, thou'ſt ta'en away
A dream out of my arms to-day,
A dream, that ne'er muſt equal'd be
By all that waking eyes may ſee.
Thou, this damage to repair,
Nothing half ſo ſweet or fair,
Nothing half ſo good can bring,
Though men ſay, *Thou bring'ſt the ſpring.*

XII.

ELEGY UPON ANACREON,

Who was choaked by a GRAPE-STONE.

Spoken by the God of Love.

HOW ſhall I lament thine end,
My beſt ſervant, and my friend?
Nay, and, if from a deity
So much deified as I,
It found not too profane and odd,
Oh my maſter, and my god!
For 'tis true, moſt mighty poet,
(Though I like not men ſhould know it)
I am in naked nature leſs,
Leſs by much, than in thy dreſs.
All thy verſe is ſofter far
Than the downy feathers are
Of my wings, or of my arrows,
Of my mother's doves, or ſparrows.
Sweet as lovers freſheſt kiſſes,
Or their riper following bliſſes,
Graceful, cleanly, ſmooth, and round,
All with Venus' girdle bound;
And thy life was all the while
Kind and gentle, as thy ſtyle.
The ſmooth-pac'd hours of ev'ry day

Glided numerouſly away.
Like thy verſe, each hour did paſs;
Sweet and ſhort like that it was.
Some do but their youth allow me,
Juſt what they, by nature, owe me;
The time, that's mine, and not their own,
The certain tribute of my crown.
When they grow old, they grow to be
Too buſy, or too wiſe, for me.
Thou wert wiſer, and didſt know,
None too wiſe for love can grow;
Love was with thy life entwin'd
Cloſe, as heat with fire is join'd,
A powerful brand preſcrib'd the date
Of thine, like Meleager's fate.
Th' antiperiſtaſis of age
More enflam'd thy amorous rage;
Thy ſilver hairs yielded me more,
Than even golden curls, before.
Had I the power of creation,
As I have of generation,
Where I the matter muſt obey,
And cannot work plate out of clay;
My creatures ſhould be all like thee,
'Tis thou ſhould their idea be.
They, like thee, ſhould throughly hate
Buſineſs, honour, title, ſtate.
Other wealth they ſhould not know,
But what my living mines beſtow;
The pomp of kings they ſhould confeſs
At their crownings to be leſs
Than a lover's humbleſt guiſe,

When at his miſtreſs' feet he lies.
Rumour they no more ſhould mind
Than men ſafe-landed do the wind;
Wiſdom itſelf they ſhould not hear,
When it preſumes to be ſevere.
Beauty alone they ſhould admire;
Nor look at fortune's vain attire,
Nor aſk what parents it can ſhew;
With dead, or old, t'has nought to do.
They ſhould not love yet all, or any,
But very much, and very many.
All their life ſhould gilded be
With mirth, and wit, and gaiety,
Well remembering, and applying
The neceſſity of dying.
Their chearful heads ſhould always wear
All that crowns the flowery year.
They ſhould always laugh, and ſing,
And dance, and ſtrike th'harmonious ſtring;
Verſe ſhould from their tongue ſo flow,
As if it in the mouth did grow,
As ſwiftly anſwering their command,
As tunes obey the artful hand.
And, whilſt I do thus diſcover
Th'ingredients of a happy lover,
'Tis, my Anacreon, for thy ſake
I of the grape no mention make.
Till my Anacreon by thee fell,
Curſed plant, I lov'd thee well.
And 'twas oft my wanton uſe,
To dip my arrows in thy juice.
Curſed plant, 'tis true, I ſee,

Th'old report that goes of thee,
That with giants blood the earth
Stain'd and poiſon'd gave thee birth,
And now thou wreak'ſt thy ancient ſpight
On men in whom the gods delight.
Thy patron Bacchus, 'tis no wonder,
Was brought forth in flames and thunder,
In rage, in quarrels, and in fights,
Worſe than his tigers, he delights:
In all our heav'n I think there be
No ſuch ill-natur'd god as he.
Thou pretendeſt, traiterous wine,
To be the Muſes friend and mine.
With love and wit thou doſt begin,
Falſe fires, alas, to draw us in,
Which, if our courſe we by them keep,
Miſguide to madneſs, or to ſleep.
Sleep were well; thou'ſt learn'd a way
To death itſelf now to betray.

It grieves me, when I ſee what fate
Does on the beſt of mankind wait.
Poets, or lovers, let them be,
'Tis neither love nor poeſy
Can arm againſt death's ſmalleſt dart
The poet's head, or lover's heart.
But, when their life, in its decline,
Touches th'inevitable line,
All the world's mortal to 'em then,
And wine is aconite to men.
Nay, in death's hand, the grape-ſtone proves
As ſtrong, as thunder is in Jove's.

XII.

THE PRAISE OF PINDAR,

AN ODE:

In Imitation of HORACE, Ode IV. ii.

I.

PINDAR is imitable by none;
The phoenix Pindar is a vaſt ſpecies alone.
Who e'er, but Daedalus, with waxen wings conld fly,
And neither ſink too low, nor ſoar too high?
What could he, who follow'd, claim,
But of vain boldneſs the unhappy fame,
And, by his fall, a ſea to name?
Pindar's unnavigable ſong,
Like a ſwoln flood from ſome ſteep mountain, pours along:
The ocean meets with ſuch a voice
From his enlarged mouth, as drowns the ocean's noiſe.

II.

So Pindar does new words and figures roul
Down his impetuous dithyrambic tide,
Which in no channel deigns t'abide,
Which neither banks nor dikes controul.
Whether th'immortal gods he ſings
In a no leſs immortal ſtrain;
Or the great acts of god-deſcended kings,
Who in his numbers ſtill ſurvive and reign.
Each rich embroider'd line,

Which their triumphant brows around,
By his ſacred hand, is bound,
Does all their ſtarry diadems outſhine.

III.

Whether at Piſa's race he pleaſe
To carve in poliſh'd verſe the conquerors images:
Whether the ſwift, the ſkilful, or the ſtrong,
Be crowned in his nimble, artful, vigorous ſong:
Whether ſome brave young man's untimely fate,
In words worth dying for, he celebrate,
Such mournful, and ſuch pleaſing words
As joy to' his mother's and his miſtreſs' grief affords:
He bids him live and grow in fame,
Among the ſtars he ſticks his name;
The grave can but the droſs of him devour,
So ſmall is death's, ſo great the poet's, power.

IV.

Lo, how th'obſequious wind, and ſwelling air,
The Theban ſwan does upwards bear
Into the walks of clouds, where he does play,
And with extended wings opens his liquid way.
Whilſt, alas, my tim'rous Muſe
Unambitious tracks purſues;
Does, with weak unballaſt wings,
About the moſſy brooks and ſprings;
About the trees new-bloſſom'd heads,
About the gardens painted beds,
About the fields and flowery meads,
And all inferior beauteous things,
Like the laborious bee,
For little drops of honey flee,
And there with humble ſweets contents her induſtry.

XIII.

BRUTUS,

AN ODE.

I.

EXCELLENT Brutus, of all human race,
The beſt, till nature was improv'd by grace,
Till men above themſelves faith raiſed more,
Than reaſon above beaſts, before.
Virtue was thy life's centre, and from thence
Did ſilently and conſtantly diſpenſe
The gentle vigorous influence
To all the wide and fair circumference:
And all the parts upon it lean'd ſo eaſily,
Obey'd the mighty force ſo willingly,
That none could diſcord or diſorder ſee
In all their contrariety.
Each had his motion natural and free,
And the whole no more mov'd, than the whole world could be.

II.

From the ſtrict rule ſome think that thou didſt ſwerve
(Miſtaken honeſt men) in Cæſar's blood:
What mercy could the tyrant's life deſerve
From him, who kill'd himſelf, rather than ſerve?
'Th' heroic exaltations of good
Are ſo far from underſtood,

We count them vice; alas, our ſight's ſo ill,
That things, which ſwifteſt move, ſeem to ſtand ſtill.
We look not upon virtue in her height,
On her ſupreme idea, brave and bright,
In the original light:
But, as her beams reflected paſs
Through our own nature, or ill cuſtom's glaſs.
And 'tis no wonder ſo,
If, with dejected eye,
In ſtanding pools we ſeek the ſky,
That ſtars, ſo high above, ſhould ſeem to us below.

III.

Can we ſtand by, and ſee
Our mother robb'd, and bound, and raviſh'd be,
Yet not to her aſſiſtance ſtir,
Pleas'd with the ſtrength and beauty of the raviſher?
Or, ſhall we fear to kill him, if before
The cancel'd name of friend he bore?
Ingrateful Brutus do they call?
Ingrateful Cæſar, who could Rome enthral!
In act more barbarous and unnatural
(In th' exact balance of true virtue tried)
Than his ſucceſſor Nero's parricide!
There's none, but Brutus, could deſerve
That all men elſe ſhould wiſh to ſerve,
And Cæſar's uſurp'd place to him ſhould proffer;
None can deſerve't, but he, who would refuſe the offer.

IV.

Ill fate aſſum'd a body thee t' affright,
And wrap'd itſelf i' th' terrors of the night,
I'll meet thee at Philippi, ſaid the ſpright;

I'll meet thee there, ſaidſt thou,
With ſuch a voice, and ſuch a brow,
As put the trembling ghoſt to ſudden flight;
It vaniſh'd, as a táper's light
Goes out, when ſpirits appear in ſight.
One would have thought, t' had heard the morning crow,
Or ſeen her well-appointed ſtar
Come marching up the eaſtern hill afar.
Nor durſt it in Philippi's field appear,
But unſeen attack'd thee there.
Had it preſum'd in any ſhape thee to oppoſe,
Thou wouldſt have forc'd it back upon thy foes:
Or ſlain't, like Cæſar, though it be
A conqueror, and a monarch, mightier far, than he.

V.

What joy can human things to us afford,
When we ſee periſh thus, by odd events,
Ill men, and wretched accidents,
The beſt cauſe, and beſt man that ever drew a ſword?
When we ſee
The falſe Octavius, and wild Antony,
God-like Brutus, conquer thee?
What can we ſay, but thine own tragic word,
That virtue, which had worſhip'd been by thee
As the moſt ſolid good, and greateſt deity,
By this fatal proof became
An idol only, and a name?
Hold, noble Brutus, and reſtrain
The bold voice of thy generous diſdain:
Theſe mighty gulphs are yet
Too deep for all thy judgement and thy wit.

The time's ſet forth already, which ſhall quell
Stiff reaſon, when it offers to rebell;
Which theſe great ſecrets ſhall unſeal,
And new philoſophies reveal.
A few years more, ſo ſoon hadſt thou not died,
Would have confounded human virtue's pride,
And ſhew'd thee a God crucified.

XIV.

To Mr Hobbes.

I.

VAST bodies of philoſophy
I oft have ſeen, and read;
But all are bodies dead,
Or bodies, by art faſhioned;
I never yet the living ſoul could ſee,
But in thy books, and thee.
'Tis only God can know
Whether the fair idea thou doſt ſhow
Agree intirely with his own, or no.
This I dare boldly tell,
'Tis ſo like truth, 'twill ſerve our turn as well.
Juſt, as in nature, thy proportions be,
As full of concord, their variety;
As firm the parts upon their centre reſt;
And all ſo ſolid are, that they at leaſt,
As much as nature, emptineſs deteſt.

II.

Long did the mighty Stagirite retain
The univerſal intellectual reign,
Saw his own country's ſhort-liv'd leopard ſlain;
The ſtronger Roman-eagle did outfly,
Oftner renewed his age, and ſaw that die;
Mecca itſelf, in ſpight of Mahomet, poſſeſs'd,
And, chas'd by a wild deluge from the Eaſt,
His monarchy new planted, in the Weſt.
But, as in time each great imperial race
Degenerates, and gives ſome new one place;
So did this noble empire waſte,
Sunk by degrees from glories paſt,
And in the ſchool-mens hands it periſh'd quite at laſt.
Then nought, but words, it grew,
And thoſe, all barbarous, too:
It periſh'd, and it vaniſh'd there,
The life and ſoul, breath'd out, became but empty air.

III.

The fields, which anſwer'd well the ancients plough,
Spent and out-worn, return no harveſt now,
In barren age wild and unglorious lie,
And boaſt of paſt fertility,
The poor relief of preſent poverty.
Food and fruit we now muſt want,
Unleſs new lands we plant.
We break up tombs with ſacrilegious hands;
Old rubbiſh we remove;
To walk in ruins, like vain ghoſts, we love.
And with fond divining wands
We ſearch among the dead
For treaſures buried,

Whilſt ſtill the liberal earth does hold
So many virgin mines of undiſcover'd gold.

IV.

The Baltic, Euxine, and the Caſpian,
And ſlender-limb'd Mediterranean,
Seem narrow creeks to thee, and only fit
For the poor wretched fiſher-boats of wit.
Thy nobler veſſel the vaſt ocean tries,
And nothing ſees, but ſeas and ſkies,
Till unknown regions it deſcries,
Thou great Columbus of the golden lands of new philoſophies.
Thy taſk was harder much, than his;
For thy learn'd America is
Not only found out firſt by thee,
And rudely left to future induſtry;
But thy eloquence, and thy wit,
Has planted, peopled, built, and civiliz'd it.

V.

I little thought before,
(Nor, being my ownſelf ſo poor,
Could comprehend ſo vaſt a ſtore)
That all the wardrobe of rich eloquence
Could have afforded half enough,
Of bright, of new, and laſting ſtuff,
To clothe the mighty limbs of thy gigantic ſenſe.
Thy ſolid reaſon, like the ſhield from heaven
To the Trojan hero given,
Too ſtrong to take a mark from any mortal dart,
Yet ſhines with gold and gems in every part,
And wonders on it grav'd by the learn'd hand of art;

A ſhield, that gives delight
Even to the enemies ſight,
Then, when they're ſure to loſe the combat by't.

VI.

Nor can the ſnow, which now cold age does ſhed
Upon thy reverend head,
Quench or allay the noble fires within;
But all which thou haſt been,
And all that youth can be, thou'rt yet,
So fully ſtill doſt thou
Enjoy the manhood, and the bloom of wit,
And all the natural heat, but not the fever, too.
So contraries on Ætna's top conſpire,
Here hoary froſts, and by them breaks out fire.
A ſecure peace the faithful neighbours keep,
Th' embolden'd ſnow next to the flame does ſleep.
And, if we weigh, like thee,
Nature, and cauſes, we ſhall ſee
That thus it needs muſt be,
To things immortal, time can do no wrong,
And that which never is to die, for ever muſt be young.

XV.

LIFE AND FAME.

OH Life, thou nothing's younger brother!
So like, that one might take one for the other!
What's ſomebody, or nobody?
In all the cobwebs of the ſchoolmen's trade,
We no ſuch nice diſtinction woven ſee,

As 'tis, to be, or not to be.
Dream of a ſhadow! a reflection, made
From the falſe glories of the gay reflected bow,
Is a more ſolid thing than thou.
Vain weak-built iſthmus, which doſt proudly riſe
Up betwixt two eternities:
Yet canſt nor wave nor wind ſuſtain;
But, broken and o'erwhelm'd, the endleſs oceans meet
again.

II.

And with what rare inventions do we ſtrive,
Ourſelves then to ſurvive?
Wiſe, ſubtle arts, and ſuch as well befit
That nothing man's no wit.
Some with vaſt coſtly tombs would purchaſe it,
And, by the proofs of death, pretend to live.
Here lies the great----Falſe marble, where?
Nothing but ſmall and ſordid duſt lies there.
Some build enormous mountain-palaces,
The fools and architects to pleaſe:
A laſting life in well-hewn ſtone they rear:
So he, who on th' Egyptian ſhore
Was ſlain, ſo many hundred years before,
Lives ſtill (oh life, moſt happy and moſt dear!
Oh life, that Epicures envy to hear!)
Lives in the dropping ruins of his amphitheatre.

III.

His father-in-law an higher place does claim
In the ſeraphic entity of fame.
He, ſince that toy, his death,
Does fill all mouths, and breathes in all men's breath.
'Tis true, the two immortal ſyllables remain,

But, O ye learned men, explain,
What eſſence, what exiſtence this,
What ſubſtance, what ſubſiſtence, what hypoſtaſis,
In ſix poor letters is?
In thoſe alone does the great Caeſar live,
'Tis all the conquer'd world could give.
We poets, madder yet than all,
With a refin'd fantaſtic vanity,
Think we not only have, but give eternity.
Fain would I ſee that prodigal,
Who his to-morrow would beſtow
For all old Homer's life, e'er ſince he died, till now.

XVI.

O D E.

ACME AND SEPTIMIUS:

Out of CATULLUS.

WHILST on Septimius' panting breaſt,
(Meaning nothing leſs than reſt)
Acme lean'd her loving head,
Thus the pleas'd Septimius ſaid;

My deareſt Acme, if I be
Once alive, and love not thee
With a paſſion far above
All that e'er was called love,

In a Libyan defert may
I become ſome lion's prey;
Let him, Acme, let him tear
My breaſt, when Acme is not there.

The god of love, who ſtood to hear him,
(The god of love ways always near him),
Pleas'd and tickled with the ſound,
Sneez'd aloud; and all around
The little loves, that waited by,
Bow'd, and bliſs'd the augury.
Acme, inflam'd with what he ſaid,
Rear'd her gently-bending head,
And, her purple mouth with joy
Stretching to the delicious boy,
'Twice (and twice could ſcarce ſuffice)
She kiſs'd his drunken, rowling eyes.

My little life, my all (ſaid ſhe),
So may we ever ſervants be
To this beſt god, and ne'er retain
Our hated liberty again;
So may thy paſſion laſt for me,
As I a paſſion have for thee,
Greater and fiercer much than can
Be conceiv'd by thee, a man.
Into my marrow is it gone,
Fix'd and ſettled in the bone,
It reigns not only in my heart,
But runs, like life, through ev'ry part.

She ſpoke; the god of love, aloud,
Sneez'd again; and all the crowd
Of little loves, that waited by,
Bow'd, and bleſs'd the augury.

This good omen thus from heaven,
Like a happy ſignal, given,
Their loves and lives (all four) embrace,
And hand in hand run all the race.
To poor Septimius (who did now
Nothing elſe but Acme grow)
Acme's boſom was alone
The whole world's imperial throne,
And to faithful Acme's mind
Septimius was all human kind.

If the gods would pleaſe to be
But adviſ'd for once by me,
I'd adviſe them, when they ſpy
Any illuſtrious piety,
To reward her, if it be ſhe;
To reward him, if it be he;
With ſuch a huſband, ſuch a wife,
With Acme's and Septimius' life.

XVII.

THE COMPLAINT.

I.

IN a deep viſion's intellectual ſcene,
Beneath a bower for ſorrow made,
Th' uncomfortable ſhade,
Of the black yew's unlucky green,
Mix'd with the mourning willow's careful grey,
Where reverend Cam cuts out his famous way,
The melancholy Cowley lay:
And lo! a Muſe appear'd to his clos'd ſight,
(The muſes oft in lands of viſion play)
Bodied, array'd, and ſeen by an internal light.
A golden harp, with ſilver ſtrings, ſhe bore,
A wondrous hieroglyphic robe ſhe wore,
In which all colours and all figures were
That nature or that fancy can create,
That art can never imitate;
And with looſe pride it wanton'd in the air.
In ſuch a dreſs, in ſuch a well-cloath'd dream,
She us'd, of old, near fair Iſmenus' ſtream,
Pindar her Theban favourite to meet;
A crown was on her head, and wings were on her feet.

II.

She touch'd him with her harp, and rais'd him from the ground;
The ſhaken ſtrings melodiouſly reſound.

Art thou return'd, at laſt ſaid ſhe,
To this forſaken place and me?
Thou prodigal, who didſt ſo looſely waſte
Of all thy youthful years, the good eſtate;
Art thou return'd here, to repent too late?
And gather huſks of learning up at laſt,
Now the rich harveſt-time of life is paſt,
And winter marches on ſo faſt?
But, when I meant to t'adopt thee for my ſon,
And did as learn'd a portion aſſign,
As ever any of the mighty Nine
Had to their deareſt children done;
When I reſolv'd t'exalt thy' anointed name,
Among the ſpiritual lords of peaceful fame;
Thou changeling, thou, bewitch'd with noiſe and ſhow,
Wouldſt into courts and cities from me go;
Wouldſt ſee the world abroad, and have a ſhare
In all the follies and the tumults there,
Thou wouldſt, forſooth, be ſomething in a ſtate,
And buſineſs thou wouldſt find, and wouldſt create:
Buſineſs! the frivolous pretence
Of human luſts, to ſhake off innocence;
Buſineſs! the grave impertinence:
Buſineſs! the thing which I of all things hate,
Buſineſs! the contradiction of thy fate.

III.

Go, renegado, caſt up thy account,
And ſee to what amount
Thy fooliſh gains by quitting me:
The ſale of knowledge, fame, and liberty,
The fruits of thy unlearn'd apoſtacy.
Thou thought'ſt, if once the public ſtorm were paſt,

All thy remaining life ſhould ſun-ſhine be:
Behold, the public ſtorm is ſpent at laſt,
The ſovereign is toſt at ſea no more,
And thou, with all the noble company,
Art got at laſt to ſhore.
But, whilſt thy fellow-voyagers I ſee
All march'd up to poſſeſs the promis'd land,
Thou ſtill alone (alas) doſt gaping ſtand,
Upon the naked beech, upon the barren ſand.

IV.

As a fair morning of the bleſſed ſpring,
After a tedious ſtormy night;
Such was the glorious entry of our king,
Enriching moiſture drop'd on every thing:
Plenty he ſow'd below, and caſt about him light.
But then (alas) to thee alone,
One of old Gideon's miracles was ſhown,
For every tree, and every herb around,
With pearly dew was crow'n'd,
And upon all the quicken'd ground,
The fruitful ſeed of heav'n did brooding lie,
And nothing but the Muſe's fleece was dry.
It did all other threats ſurpaſs,
When God to his own people ſaid,
(The men, whom through long wanderings he had led)
That he would give them ev'n a heav'n of braſs:
They look'd up to that heav'n in vain,
That bounteous heav'n, which God did not reſtrain,
Upon the moſt unjuſt to ſhine and rain.

V.

The Rachel, for which twice ſeven years and more,
Thou didſt with faith and labour ſerve,

And didſt (if faith and labour can) deſerve,
Though ſhe contracted was to thee,
Giv'n to another thou didſt ſee;
Giv'n to another, who had ſtore
Of fairer, and of richer wives, before;
And not a Leah left, thy recompence to be.
Go on, twice ſeven years more, thy fortune try,
Twice ſeven years more God in his bounty may
Give thee, to fling away
Into the court's deceitful lottery.
But think how likely 'tis, that thou,
With the dull work of thy unweildy plough,
Should in a hard and barren ſeaſon thrive,
Should even able be to live;
Thou, to whoſe ſhare ſo little bread did fall,
In the miraculous year, when manna rain'd on all.

VI.

Thus ſpake the Muſe, and ſpake it with a ſmile,
That ſeem'd at once to pity and revile.
And to her thus, raiſing his thoughtful head,
The melancholy Cowley ſaid;
Ah wanton foe, doſt thou upbraid
The ills, which thou thyſelf haſt made?
When, in the craddle, innocent I lay,
Thou, wicked ſpirit, ſtoleſt me away,
And my abuſed ſoul didſt bear
Into thy new-found worlds, I know not where,
Thy golden Indies in the air;
And ever ſince I ſtrive in vain
My raviſh'd freedom to regain;
Still I rebel, ſtill thou doſt reign;
Lo, ſtill in verſe againſt thee I complain.

There is a ſort of ſtubborn weeds,
Which, if the earth but once, it ever breeds.
No wholeſome herb can near them thrive,
No uſeful plant can keep alive :
The fooliſh ſports I did on thee beſtow,
Make all my art and labour fruitleſs now ;
Where once ſuch Fairies dance, no graſs doth ever grow.

VII.

When my new mind had no infuſion known,
Thou gav'ſt ſo deep a tincture of thine own,
That ever ſince I vainly try
To waſh away th' inherent dye :
Long work perhaps may ſpoil thy colours quite,
But never will reduce the native white :
To all the ports of honour and of gain
I often ſteer my courſe in vain ;
The gale comes croſs, and drives me back again.
Thou ſlack'neſt all my nerves of induſtry,
By making them ſo oft to be
The tinkling ſtrings of thy looſe minſtrelſy.
Whoever this world's happineſs would ſee,
Muſt as entirely caſt off thee,
As they, who only heaven deſire,
Do from the world retire.
This was my error, this my groſs miſtake,
Myſelf a demy-votary to make.
Thus, with Sapphira and her huſband's fate,
(A fault which I, like them, am taught too late)
For all that I gave up, I nothing gain,
And periſh for the part which I retain.

VIII.

Teach me not, then, O thou fallacious Muſe,
The court, and better king, t' accuſe;
The heaven, under which I live, is fair;
The fertile ſoil will a full harveſt bear;
Thine, thine, is all the barrenneſs; if thou
Mak'ſt me ſit ſtill and ſing, when I ſhould plough:
When I but think, how many a tedious year
Our patient ſovereign did attend
His long misfortunes' fatal end!
How chearfully, and how exempt from fear,
On the great Sovereign's will he did depend;
I ought to be accurs'd, if I refuſe
To wait on his, O thou fallacious Muſe!
Kings have long hands (they ſay); and though I be
So diſtant, they may reach at length to me.
However, of all princes, thou
Should'ſt not reproach rewards, for being ſmall or ſlow;
Thou, who rewardeſt but with popular breath,
And that too after death.

XVIII.

On the Death of Mrs CATHARINE PHILIPS.

CRUEL diſeaſe! ah, could it not ſuffice
Thy old and conſtant ſpight to exerciſe
Againſt the gentleſt and the faireſt ſex,
Which ſtill thy depredations moſt do vex?

Where ſtill thy malice moſt of all
(Thy malice or thy luſt) does on the faireſt fall?
And in them moſt aſſault the faireſt place,
The throne of empreſs beauty, ev'n the face?
There was enough of that here to aſſwage
(One would have thought) either thy luſt or rage;
Was't not enough, when thou, profane diſeaſe,
Didſt on this glorious temple ſeize;
Was't not enough, like a wild zealot, there,
All the rich outward ornaments to tear,
Deface the innocent pride of beauteous images?
Was't not enough thus rudely to defile,
But thou muſt quite deſtroy, the goodly pile?
And thy unbounded ſacrilege commit
On th' inward holieſt holy of her wit?
Cruel diſeaſe! There thou miſtook'ſt thy power;
No mine of death can that devour,
On her embalmed name it will abide
An everlaſting pyramide,
As high as heav'n the top, as earth the baſis wide.

II.

All ages paſt record, all countries now,
In various kinds, ſuch equal beauties ſhow,
That ev'n judge Paris would not know
On whom the golden apple to beſtow;
Though goddeſſes to his ſentence did ſubmit,
Women and lovers would appeal from it:
Nor durſt he ſay, of all the female race,
This is the ſovereign face.
And ſome (though theſe be of a kind that's rare,
That's much, ah, much leſs frequent, than the fair)
So equally renown'd for virtue are,
That it the mother of the gods might poſe,

When the beſt woman for her guide ſhe choſe.
But, if Apollo ſhould deſign
A woman laureat to make,
Without diſpute he would Orinda take,
Though Sappho and the famous Nine
Stood by, and did repine.
To be a princeſs or a queen,
Is great; but 'tis a greatneſs always ſeen;
The world did never but two women know,
Who, one by fraud, th' other by wit, did riſe
To the two tops of ſpiritual dignities,
One female pope of old, one female poet now.

III.

Of female poets, who had names of old,
Nothing is ſhown, but only told;
And all we hear of them perhaps may be
Male-flattery only, and male-poetry.
Few minutes did their beauties lightning waſte,
The thunder of their voice did longer laſt,
But that, too, ſoon was paſt.
The certain proofs of our Orinda's wit,
In her own laſting characters are writ;
And they will long my praiſe of them ſurvive,
Though long perhaps, too, that may live.
The trade of glory manag'd by the pen,
Though great it be, and every where is found,
Does bring in but ſmall profit to us men;
'Tis by the number of the ſharers drown'd.
Orinda, on the female coaſts of fame,
Ingroſſes all the goods of a poetic name.
She does no partner with her ſee,
Does all the buſineſs there alone, which we
Are forc'd to carry on by a whole company.

IV.

But wit's like a luxuriant vine;
Unleſs to virtue's prop it join,
Firm and erect towards heaven bound;
Though it with beauteous leaves and pleaſant fruit be crown'd,
It lies deform'd, and rotting on the ground.
Now ſhame and bluſhes on us all,
Who our own ſex ſuperior call!
Orinda does our boaſting ſex out-do,
Not in wit only, but in virtue too.
She does above our beſt examples riſe,
In hate of vice, and ſcorn of vanities.
Never did ſpirit of the manly make,
And dipt all o'er in learning's ſacred lake,
A temper more invulnerable take.
No violent paſſion could an entrance find,
Into the tender goodneſs of her mind;
Through walls of ſtone thoſe furious bullets may
Force their impetuous way,
When her ſoft breaſt they hit, powerleſs and dead they lay.

V.

The fame of friendſhip which ſo long had told
Of three or four illuſtrious names of old,
Till hoarſe and weary with the tale ſhe grew,
Rejoices now t' have got a new,
A new, and more ſurprizing ſtory,
Of fair Leucaſia's and Orinda's glory.
As when a prudent man does once perceive
That in ſome foreign country he muſt live,
The language and the manners he does ſtrive

To understand and practise here,
That he may come, no stranger there;
So well Orinda did herself prepare
In this much different clime for her remove
To the glad world of poetry and love.

XIX.

HYMN.

TO LIGHT.

FIRST-born of Chaos, who so fair didst come
From the old Negro's darksome womb!
Which when it saw the lovely child,
The melancholy mass put on kind looks, and smil'd;

II.

Thou tide of glory, which no rest dost know,
But ever ebb, and ever flow!
Thou golden shower of a true Jove!
Who does in thee descend, and heaven to earth make love!

III.

Hail, active nature's watchful life and health!
Her joy, her ornament, and wealth!
Hail to thy husband, heat, and thee!
Thou, the world's beauteous bride; the lusty bride-groom, he!

IV.

Say, from what golden quivers of the ſky,
Do all thy winged arrows fly ?
Swiftneſs and power by birth are thine :
From thy great ſire they came, thy ſire, the Word Divine.

V.

'Tis, I believe, this archery to ſhow,
That ſo much coſt in colours thou
And ſkill in painting doſt beſtow
Upon thy ancient arms, the gawdy heavenly bow.

VI.

Swift as light thoughts their empty carrier run,
Thy race is finiſh'd, when begun;
Let a poſt-angel ſtart with thee,
And thou the goal of earth ſhalt reach as ſoon as he.

VII.

Thou, in the moon's bright chariot proud and gay,
Doſt thy bright wood of ſtars ſurvey ;
And all the year doſt with thee bring
Of thouſand flowery lights thine own nocturnal ſpring.

VIII.

Thou, Scythian-like, doſt round thy lands above
The ſun's gilt tent for ever move,
And ſtill, as thou in pomp doſt go,
The ſhining pageants of the world attend thy ſhow.

IX.

Nor, amidſt all theſe triumphs, doſt thou ſcorn
The humble glow-worms to adorn,

And with thoſe living ſpangles gild
(O greatneſs without pride!) the buſhes of the field.

X.

Night, and her ugly ſubjects, thou doſt fright,
And ſleep, the lazy owl of night;
Aſham'd and fearful to appear,
They ſcreen their horrid ſhapes with the black hemiſphere.

XI.

With 'em there haſtes, and wildly takes the alarm,
Of painted dreams, a buſy ſwarm;
At the firſt opening of thine eye,
The various cluſters break, the antic atoms fly.

XII.

The guilty ſerpents, and obſcener beaſts,
Creep conſcious to their ſecret reſts:
Nature to thee does reverence pay,
Ill omens and ill ſights removes out of thy way.

XIII.

At thy appearance, grief itſelf is ſaid
To ſhake his wings, and rouſe his head;
And cloudy care has often took
A gentle beamy ſmile reflected from thy look.

XIV.

At thy appearance, fear itſelf grows bold;
Thy ſun-ſhine melts away his cold.
Encourag'd at the ſight of thee,
To the cheek colour comes, and firmneſs to the knee.

XV.

Even luſt, the maſter of a harden'd face,
Bluſhes, if thou be'ſt in the place,
To darkneſs' curtains he retires,
In ſympathizing night he rowls his ſmoaky fires.

XVI.

When, goddeſs, thou lift'ſt up thy waken'd head
Out of the morning's purple bed,
Thy choir of birds about thee play,
And all the joyful world ſalutes the riſing day.

XVII.

The ghoſts, and monſter ſpirits, that did preſume
A body's privilege to aſſume,
Vaniſh again inviſibly,
And bodies gain again their viſibility.

XVIII.

All the world's bravery, that delights our eyes,
Is but thy ſeveral liveries,
Thou the rich dye on them beſtoweſt.
Thy nimble pencil paints this landſkip as thou goeſt.

XIX.

A crimſon garment in the roſe thou wear'ſt;
A crown of ſtudded gold thou bear'ſt,
The virgin lilies, in their white,
Are clad but with the lawn of almoſt naked light.

XX.

The violet, ſpring's little infant, ſtands
Girt in thy purple ſwadling-bands:
On the fair tulip thou doſt doat;
Thou cloath'ſt it in a gay and party-colour'd coat.

XXI.

With flame condens'd thou doſt the jewels fix,
And ſolid colours in it mix:
Flora herſelf invies to ſee
Flowers fairer than her own, and durable as ſhe.

XXII.

Ah, goddeſs! would thou could'ſt thy hand with-hold,
And be leſs liberal to gold;
Did'ſt thou leſs value to it give,
Of how much care (alas!) might'ſt thou poor man relieve!

XXIII.

To me, the ſun is more delightful far,
And all fair days much fairer are.
But few, ah! wondrous few there be,
Who do not gold prefer, O goddeſs! ev'n to thee.

XXIV.

Through the ſoft ways of heav'n, and air, and ſea,
Which open all their pores to thee;
Like a clear river thou doſt glide,
And with thy living ſtream through the cloſe channels ſlide.

XXV.

But, where firm bodies thy free courſe oppoſe,
Gently thy ſource the land o'erflows;
Takes there poſſeſſion, and does make,
Of colours mingled, light, a thick and ſtanding lake.

XXVI.

But the vaſt ocean of unbounded day
In th' empyrean heaven does ſtay.
Thy rivers, lakes, and ſprings below
From thence took firſt their riſe, thither at laſt muſt flow.

XX.

To the ROYAL SOCIETY.

I.

PHILOSOPHY, the great and only heir
Of all that human knowledge, which has been
Unforfeited by man's rebellious ſin,
Though full of years he do appear,
(Philoſophy, I ſay, and call it He,
For, whatſoe'er the painter's fancy be,
It a male-virtue ſeems to me)
Has ſtill been kept in nonage till of late,
Nor manag'd or enjoy'd his vaſt eſtate:
Three or four thouſand years, one would have thought,
To ripeneſs and perfection might have brought
A ſcience ſo well bred and nurs'd,
And of ſuch hopeful parts too at the firſt.
But, Oh! the guardians and the tutors then,
(Some negligent, and ſome ambitious men)
Would ne'er conſent to ſet him free,

Or his own natural powers to let him ſee,
Leſt that ſhould put an end to their authority.

II.

That his own buſineſs he might quite forget,
They' amus'd him with the ſports of wanton wit,
With the deſerts of poetry they fed him,
Inſtead of ſolid meats t' increaſe his force;
Inſtead of vigorous exerciſe they led him
Into the pleaſant labyrinths of ever-freſh diſcourſe.
Inſtead of carrying him to ſee
The riches which do hoarded for him lie
In nature's endleſs treaſury,
They choſe his eye to entertain
(His curious, but not covetous eye)
With painted ſcenes, and pageants of the brain.
Some few exalted ſpirits this latter age has ſhown,
That labour'd to aſſert the liberty
(From guardians, who were now uſurpers grown)
Of this old minor ſtill, captiv'd philoſophy;
But 'twas rebellion call'd, to fight
For ſuch a long-oppreſſed right.
Bacon, at laſt, a mighty man, aroſe,
Whom a wiſe king and nature choſe
Lord Chancellor of both their laws,
And boldly undertook the injur'd pupil's cauſe.

III.

Authority, which did a body boaſt,
Though 'twas but air condens'd and ſtalk'd about,
Like ſome old giant's more gigantic ghoſt,
To terrify the learned rout,
With the plain magic of true reaſon's light,
He chac'd out of our ſight,

Nor ſuffer'd living men to be miſled
By the vain ſhadows of the dead: [fled;
To graves, from whence it roſe, the conquer'd phantom
[a] * * *

IV.

From words, which are but pictures of the thought,
(Though we our thoughts from them perverſely drew)
To things, the mind's right object, he it brought:
Like fooliſh birds, to painted grapes we flew;
He ſought, and gather'd for our uſe, the true;
And, when on heaps the choſen bunches lay,
He preſs'd them wiſely, the mechanic way,
Till all their juice did in one veſſel join,
Ferment into a nouriſhment divine,
The thirſty ſoul's refreſhing wine.
Who to the life an exact piece would make,
Muſt not from others work a copy take;
No, not from Rubens or Vandike;
Much leſs content himſelf to make it like
Th' ideas and the images, which lie
In his own fancy, or his memory.
No, he before his ſight muſt place
The natural and living face;
The real object muſt command
Each judgement of his eye, and motion of his hand.

V.

From theſe, and all long errors of the way,
In which our wandering predeceſſors went,
And, like th' old Hebrews, many years did ſtray
In deſarts but of ſmall extent,
Bacon, like Moſes, led us forth at laſt,
The barren wilderneſs he paſt,

[a] The reſt of this ſtanza is left out.

Did on the very border ſtand
Of the bleſt promis'd land,
And from the mountain's top of his exalted wit,
Saw it himſelf, and ſhew'd us it.
But life did never to one man allow
Time to diſcover worlds, and conquer too;
Nor can ſo ſhort a line ſufficient be
To fathom the vaſt depths of nature's ſea.
The work he did, we ought t'admire,
And were unjuſt, if we ſhould more require
From his few years, divided 'twixt th' exceſs
Of low affliction, and high happineſs.
For who on things remote can fix his ſight,
That's always in a triumph, or a fight?

VI.

From you, great champions, we expect to get
Theſe ſpacious countries, but diſcover'd yet;
Countries, where yet, inſtead of nature, we
Her images and idols worſhipp'd ſee:
Theſe large and wealthy regions to ſubdue,
Though learning has whole armies at command,
Quarter'd about in every land,
A better troop ſhe ne'er together drew.
Methinks, like Gideon's little band,
God wit h deſign has pick'd out you,
To do theſe noble wonders by a few:
When the whole hoſt he ſaw, they are (ſaid he)
Too many t'o'ercome for me;
And now he chuſes out his men,
Much in the way that he did then:
Not thoſe many, whom he found
Idly extended on the ground,

To drink with their dejected head
The ſtream, juſt ſo as by their mouths it fled:
No, but thoſe few, who took the waters up,
And made of their laborious hands the cup.

VII.

Thus you prepar'd; and in the glorious fight
Their wondrous pattern too you take:
Their old and empty pitchers firſt they brake,
And with their hands then lifted up the light.
Io! ſound too the trumpets here!
Already your victorious lights appear;
New ſcenes of heav'n already we eſpy,
And crowds of golden worlds on high;
Which, from the ſpacious plains of earth and ſea,
Could never yet diſcover'd be
By ſailors or Chaldæans watchful eye.
Nature's great works no diſtance can obſcure,
No ſmallneſs her near objects can ſecure;
Ye have taught the curious ſight to preſs
Into the privateſt receſs
Of her imperceptible littleneſs.
Ye have learn'd to read her ſmalleſt hand,
And well begun her deepeſt ſenſe to underſtand.

VIII.

Miſchief and true diſhonour fall on thoſe,
Who would to laughter or to ſcorn expoſe
So virtuous and ſo noble a deſign,
So human for its uſe, for knowledge ſo divine.
The things, which theſe proud men deſpiſe, and call
Impertinent, and vain, and ſmall,
Thoſe ſmalleſt things of nature let me know,
Rather than all their greateſt actions do.

Whoever would depoſed truth advance
Into the throne uſurp'd from it,
Muſt feel at firſt the blows of ignorance,
And the ſharp points of envious wit.
So when, by various turns of the celeſtial dance,
In many thouſand years
A ſtar, ſo long unknown, appears,
Though heav'n itſelf more beauteous by it grow,
It troubles and alarms the world below,
Does to the wiſe a ſtar, to fools a meteor, ſhow.

IX.

With courage and ſucceſs you the bold work begin;
Your craddle has not idle been:
None e'er, but Hercules and you, could be
At five years age worthy a hiſtory.
And ne'er did fortune better yet
Th' hiſtorian to the ſtory fit:
As you from all old errors free
And purge the body of philoſophy;
So from all modern follies he
Has vindicated eloquence and wit.
His candid ſtyle, like a clean ſtream, does ſlide,
And his bright fancy all the way
Does like the ſun-ſhine in it play;
It does, like Thames, the beſt of rivers, glide,
Where the god does not rudely overturn,
But gently pour, the cryſtal urn,
And with judicious hand does the whole current guide.
'T has all the beauties nature can impart,
And all the comely dreſs, without the paint of art.

THE END.

SELECT

POEMS,

Written by the Honourable

Sir JOHN DENHAM,

KNIGHT of the BATH.

EDINBURGH:

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JOHN DENHAM

OESA

SETECL

POEMS

UPON

SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

COOPER's HILL.

SURE there are poets which did never dream
Upon Parnaſſus, nor did taſte the ſtream
Of Helicon; we therefore may ſuppoſe
Thoſe made not poets, but the poets thoſe.
And as courts make not kings, but kings the court,
So where the muſes and their train reſort,
Parnaſſus ſtands; if I can be to thee
A poet, thou Parnaſſus art to me.
Nor wonder, if (advantag'd in my flight,
By taking wing from thy auſpicious height)
Through untrac'd ways and airy paths I flie,
More boundleſs in my fancy than my eye:
My eye, which ſwift as thought contracts the ſpace
That lies between, and firſt ſalutes the place

Crown'd with that ſacred pile, ſo vaſt, ſo high,
That, whether 'tis a part of earth or ſky,
Uncertain ſeems, and may be thought a proud
Aſpiring mountain, or deſcending cloud,
PAUL's, the late theme of ſuch a Muſe whoſe flight
Has bravely reach'd and ſoar'd above thy heighth:
Now ſhalt thou ſtand, tho' ſword, or time, or fire,
Or zeal more fierce than they, thy fall conſpire,
Secure, whilſt thee the beſt of poets ſings,
Preſerv'd from ruin by the beſt of kings.
Under his proud ſurvey the city lies,
And like a miſt beneath a hill doth riſe;
Whoſe ſtate and wealth, the buſineſs and the crowd,
Seems at this diſtance but a darker cloud:
And is to him who rightly things eſteems,
No other in effect than what it ſeems:
Where, with like haſte, tho' ſev'ral ways, they run,
Some to undo, and ſome to be undone;
While luxury, and wealth, like war and peace,
Are each the other's ruin, and encreaſe:
As rivers loſt in ſeas ſome ſecret vein
Thence reconveys, there to be loſt again.
Oh happineſs of ſweet retir'd content!
To be at once ſecure, and innocent.
Windſor the next (where Mars with Venus dwells,
Beauty with ſtrength) above the valley ſwells
Into my eye, and doth itſelf preſent
With ſuch an eaſy and unforc'd aſcent,
That no ſtupendous precipice denies
Acceſs, no horror turns away our eyes:
But ſuch a riſe as doth at once invite
A pleaſure and a reverence from the ſight.

Thy mighty maſter's emblem, in whoſe face
Sate meekneſs, heighten'd with majeſtic grace;
Such ſeems thy gentle height, made only proud
To be the baſis of that pompous load,
Than which, a nobler weight no mountain bears,
But Atlas only, which ſupports the ſpheres.
When nature's hand this ground did thus advance,
'Twas guided by a wiſer pow'r than chance;
Mark'd out for ſuch an uſe, as if 'twere meant
T' envite the builder, and his choiſe prevent.
Nor can we call it choiſe, when what we chuſe,
Folly or blindneſs only cou'd refuſe.
A crown of ſuch majeſtick tow'rs doth grace
The gods great mother, when her heav'nly race
Do homage to her, yet ſhe cannot boaſt
Among that num'rous, and celeſtial hoſt,
More heroes than can Windſor, nor doth Fame's
Immortal book record more noble names.
Not to look back ſo far, to whom this iſle
Owes the firſt glory of ſo brave a pile,
Whether to Cæſar, Albanact, or Brute,
The Britiſh Arthur, or the Daniſh Knute,
(Tho' this of old no leſs conteſt did move,
Than when for Homer's birth ſeven cities ſtrove)
(Like him in birth, thou ſhould'ſt be like in fame,
As thine his fate, if mine had been his flame)
But whoſoe'er it was, nature deſign'd
Firſt a brave place, and then as brave a mind.
Not to recount thoſe ſev'ral kings to whom
It gave a craddle, or to whom a tomb;
But thee, great * Edward, and thy greater ſon,
(The lilies which his father wore, he won)

* Edward III. and the Black Prince.

And thy † Bellona, who the conſort came
Not only to thy bed, but to thy fame,
She to thy triumph led one captive * king,
And brought that ſon, which did the ſecond bring.
Then didſt thou found that order (whether love
Or victory thy royal thoughts did move)
Each was a noble cauſe, and nothing leſs
Than the deſign, has been the great ſucceſs:
Which foreign kings, and emperors eſteem
The ſecond honour to their diadem.
Had thy great deſtiny but giv'n thee ſkill
To know, as well as pow'r to act her will,
That from thoſe kings, who then thy captives were,
In after times ſhould ſpring a royal pair
Who ſhould poſſeſs all that thy mighty pow'r,
Or thy deſires more mighty, did devour:
To whom their better fate reſerves whate'er
The victor hopes for, or the vanquiſh'd fear;
That blood, which thou and thy great grandſire ſhed,
And all that ſince theſe ſiſter-nations bled,
Had been unſpilt, and happy Edward known
That all the blood he ſpilt, had been his own.
When he that patron choſe, in whom are join'd
Soldier and martyr, and his arms confin'd
Within the azure circle, he did ſeem
But to foretell, and propheſy of him,
Who to his realms that azure round hath join'd,
Which nature for their bound at firſt deſign'd.
That bound, which to the world's extremeſt ends,
Endleſs itſelf, its liquid arms extends.

† Queen Phillippa.
* The kings of France and Scotland.

Nor doth he need thoſe emblems which we paint,
But is himſelf the ſoldier and the ſaint.
Here ſhould my wonder dwell, and here my praiſe,
But my fix'd thoughts my wandering eye betrays,
Viewing a neighb'ring hill, whoſe top of late
A chapel crown'd, till in the common fate
Th' adjoining abby fell; (may no ſuch ſtorm
Fall on our times, where ruin muſt reform.)
Tell me, my Muſe, what monſtrous dire offence,
What crime could any Chriſtian king incenſe
To ſuch a rage? Was't luxury, or luſt?
Was he ſo temperate, ſo chaſte, ſo juſt?
Were theſe their crimes? They were his own much more:
But wealth is crime enough to him that's poor,
Who having ſpent the treaſures of his crown,
Condemns their luxury to feed his own.
And yet this act, to varniſh o'er the ſhame
Of ſacrilege, muſt bear Devotion's name.
No crime ſo bold, but would be underſtood
A real, or at leaſt a ſeeming good:
Who fears not to do ill, yet fears the name,
And free from conſcience, is a ſlave to fame:
Thus he the church at once protects, and ſpoils:
But princes ſwords are ſharper than their ſtyles.
And thus to th' ages paſt he makes amends,
Their charity deſtroys, their faith defends.
Then did religion in a lazy cell,
In empty, airy contemplations dwell;
And like the block, unmoved lay: But ours,
As much too active, like the ſtork, devours.
Is there no temp'rate region can be known,
Betwixt their frigid, and our torrid zone?

Cou'd we not wake from that lethargic dream,
But to be reſtleſs in a worſe extreme?
And for that lethargy was there no cure,
But to be caſt into a calenture?
Can knowledge have no bound, but muſt advance
So far, to make us wiſh for ignorance?
And rather in the dark to grope our way,
Than led by a falſe guide to err by day?
Who ſees theſe diſmal heaps, but would demand
What barbarous invader ſack'd the land?
But when he hears, no Goth, no Turk did bring
This deſolation, but a Chriſtian king;
When nothing, but the name of zeal, appears
'Twixt our beſt actions and the worſt of theirs,
What does he think our ſacrilege wou'd ſpare,
When ſuch th' effects of our devotions are?
Parting from thence 'twixt anger, ſhame, and fear,
Thoſe for what's paſt, and this for what's too near,
My eye deſcending from the hill, ſurveys
Where Thames among the wanton vallies ſtrays;
Thames, the moſt lov'd of all the Ocean's ſons
By his old ſire, to his embraces runs;
Haſting to pay his tribute to the ſea,
Like mortal life to meet eternity.
Tho' with thoſe ſtreams he no reſemblance hold,
Whoſe foam is amber, and their gravel gold;
His genuine and leſs guilty wealth t' explore,
Search not his bottom but ſurvey his ſhore;
O'er which he kindly ſpreads his ſpacious wing,
And hatches plenty for th' enſuing ſpring.
Nor then deſtroys it with too fond a ſtay,
Like mothers which their infants overlay.

Nor with a ſudden and impetuous wave,
Like profuſe kings, reſumes the wealth he gave.
No unexpected inundations ſpoil
The mower's hopes, nor mock the plowman's toil:
But god-like his unweary'd bounty flows;
Firſt loves to do, then loves the good he does.
Nor are his bleſſings to his banks confin'd,
But free, and common, as the ſea or wind;
When he to boaſt or to diſperſe his ſtores
Full of the tributes of his grateful ſhores,
Viſits the world, and in his flying tow'rs
Brings home to us, and makes both Indies ours;
Finds wealth where 'tis, beſtows it where it wants,
Cities in deſarts, woods in cities plants.
So that to us no thing, no place is ſtrange,
While his fair boſom is the world's exchange.
O could I flow like thee, and make thy ſtream
My great example, as it is my theme!
Tho' deep, yet clear; tho' gentle, yet not dull;
Strong without rage, without o'er-flowing full.
Heav'n her Eridanus no more ſhall boaſt,
Whoſe fame in thine, like leſſer current's loſt;
Thy nobler ſtreams ſhall viſit Jove's abodes,
To ſhine among the * ſtars, and bathe the gods.
Here Nature, whether more intent to pleaſe
Us for herſelf, with ſtrange varieties,
(For things of wonder give no leſs delight
To the wiſe maker's, than beholder's ſight.
Tho' theſe delights from ſeveral cauſes move;
For ſo our children, thus our friends we love)

* The Foreſt.

Wiſely ſhe knew, the harmony of things,
As well as that of ſounds, from diſcord ſprings.
Such was the diſcord, which did firſt diſperſe
Form, order, beauty through the univerſe;
While dryneſs moiſture, coldneſs heat reſiſts,
All that we have, and that we are, ſubſiſts.
While the ſteep horrid roughneſs of the wood
Strives with the gentle calmneſs of the flood.
Such huge extremes when nature doth unite,
Wonder from thence reſults, from thence delight.
The ſtream is ſo tranſparent, pure, and clear,
That had the ſelf-enamour'd * youth gaz'd here,
So fatally deceiv'd he had not been,
While he the bottom, not his face had ſeen.
But his proud head the airy mountain hides
Among the clouds; his ſhoulders and his ſides
A ſhady mantle clothes; his curled brows
Frown on the gentle ſtream, which calmly flows;
While winds and ſtorms his lofty forehead beat:
The common fate of all that's high or great.
Low at his foot a ſpacious plain is plac'd,
Between the mountain and the ſtream embrac'd;
Which ſhade and ſhelter from the hill derives,
While the kind river wealth and beauty gives:
And in the mixture of all theſe appears
Variety, which all the reſt indears.
This ſcene had ſome bold Greek, or Britiſh bard
Beheld of old, what ſtories had we heard
Of fairies, ſatires, and the nymphs their dames,
Their feaſts, their revels, and their am'rous flames?

* Narciſſus.

'Tis ſtill the ſame, although their airy ſhape
All but a quick poetic ſight eſcape.
There Faunus and Sylvanus keep their courts,
And thither all the horned hoſt reſorts
To graze the ranker mead, that noble herd,
On whoſe ſublime and ſhady fronts is rear'd
Nature's great maſter-piece; to ſhew how ſoon
Great things are made, but ſooner are undone,
Here have I ſeen the king, when great affairs
Gave leave to ſlacken, and unbend his cares,
Attended to the chace by all the flow'r
Of youth, whoſe hopes a nobler prey devour:
Pleaſure with praiſe, and danger they would buy,
And with a foe that would not only fly.
The ſtag, now conſcious of his fatal growth,
At once indulgent to his fear and ſloth,
To ſome dark covert his retreat had made,
Where no man's eye, nor heaven's ſhould invade
His ſoft repoſe; when th' unexpected ſound
Of dogs, and men, his wakeful ear does wound:
Rous'd with the noiſe, he ſcarce believes his ear,
Willing to think th' illuſions of his fear
Had giv'n this falſe alarm, but ſtreight his view
Confirms, that more than all he fears is true.
Betray'd in all his ſtrengths, the wood beſet;
All inſtruments, all arts of ruin met;
He calls to mind his ſtrength, and then his ſpeed,
His winged heels, and then his armed head;
With theſe t' avoid, with that his fate to meet:
But fear prevails, and bids him truſt his feet.
So faſt he flies, that his reviewing eye
Has loſt the chaſers, and his ears the cry:

Exulting, till he finds their nobler ſenſe
Their diſproportion'd ſpeed doth recompenſe;
Then curſes his conſpiring feet, whoſe ſcent
Betrays that ſafety which their ſwiftneſs lent.
Then tries his friends; among the baſer herd,
Where he ſo lately was obey'd and fear'd,
His ſafety ſeeks: The herd, unkindly wiſe,
Or chaſes him from thence, or from him flies,
Like a declining ſtateſman, left forlorn
To his friends pity, and purſuers ſcorn,
With ſhame remembers, while himſelf was one
Of the ſame herd, himſelf the ſame had done.
Thence to the coverts, and the conſcious groves,
The ſcenes of his paſt triumphs, and his loves;
Sadly ſurveying where he rang'd alone
Prince of the ſoil, and all the herd his own;
And like a bold knight-errant did proclaim
Combat to all, and bore away the dame;
And taught the woods to eccho to the ſtream
His dreadful challenge, and his claſhing beam.
Yet faintly now declines the fatal ſtrife;
So much his love was dearer than his life.
Now ev'ry leaf, and ev'ry moving breath
Preſents a foe, and ev'ry foe a death.
Wearied, forſaken, and purſu'd, at laſt
All ſafety in deſpair of ſafety plac'd,
Courage he thence reſumes, reſolv'd to bear
All their aſſaults, ſince 'tis in vain to fear.
And now too late he wiſhes for the fight
That ſtrength he waſted in ignoble flight:
But when he ſees the eager chaſe renew'd,
Himſelf by dogs, the dogs by men purſu'd:

He ſtraight revokes his bold reſolve, and more
Repents his courage, than his fear before;
Finds that uncertain ways unſafeſt are,
And doubt a greater miſchief than deſpair.
Then to the ſtream, when neither friends, nor force,
Nor ſpeed, nor art avail, he ſhapes his courſe;
Thinks not their rage ſo deſperate to aſſay
An element more mercileſs than they.
But fearleſs they purſue, nor can the flood
Quench their dire thirſt; alas! they thirſt for blood.
So tow'rds a ſhip the oar-finn'd gallies ply,
Which wanting ſea to ride, or wind to fly,
Stands but to fall reveng'd on thoſe that dare
Tempt the laſt fury of extreme deſpair.
So fares the ſtag, among th' enraged hounds,
Repels their force, and wounds returns for wounds.
And as a hero, whom his baſer foes
In troops ſurround, now theſe aſſails, now thoſe,
Though prodigal of life, diſdains to die
By common hands; but if he can deſcry
Some nobler foe approach, to him he calls,
And begs his fate, and then contented falls.
So when the king a mortal ſhaft lets fly
From his unerring hand, then glad, to die,
Proud of the wound, to it reſigns his blood,
And ſtains the cryſtal with a purple flood.
This a more innocent, and happy chaſe,
Than when of old, but in the ſelf ſame place,
Fair liberty purſu'd *, and meant a prey
To lawleſs power, here turn'd, and ſtood at bay.

* Runny Mead, where the Magna Charta was firſt ſealed.

When in that remedy all hope was plac'd,
Which was, or ſhould have been at leaſt, the laſt.
Here was that charter ſeal'd, wherein the crown
All marks of arbitrary pow'r lays down:
Tyrant and ſlave, thoſe names of hate and fear
The happier ſtile of king and ſubject bear:
Happy, when both to the ſame center move,
When kings give liberty, and ſubjects love.
Therefore not long in force this charter ſtood;
Wanting that ſeal, it muſt be ſeal'd in blood.
The ſubjects arm'd, the more their princes gave,
Th' advantage only took, the more to crave:
Till kings by giving, give themſelves away,
And e'en that pow'r, that ſhould deny, betray.
" Who gives conſtrain'd, but his own fear reviles,
" Not thank'd, but ſcorn'd; nor are they gifts, but ſpoils.
Thus kings, by graſping more than they could hold,
Firſt made their ſubjects, by oppreſſion, bold:
And popular ſway, by forcing kings to give
More than was fit for ſubjects to receive,
Ran to the ſame extremes; and one exceſs
Made both, by ſtriving to be greater, leſs.
When a calm river rais'd with ſudden rains,
Or ſnows diſſolv'd, o'erflows th' adjoining plains,
The huſbandmen with high-rais'd banks ſecure
Their greedy hopes, and this he can endure.
But, if with bays and dams they ſtrive to force
His channel to a new, or narrow courſe;
No longer then within his banks he dwells,
Firſt to a torrent, then a deluge ſwells:
Stronger and fiercer by reſtraint he roars,
And knows no bounds, but makes his pow'r his ſhores.

ON THE EARL OF STRAFFORD's TRYAL and DEATH.

GREAT Strafford! worthy of that name, tho' all
Of thee could be forgotten, but thy fall,
Cruſh'd by imaginary treaſon's weight,
Which too much merit did accumulate:
As chymiſts gold from braſs by fire would draw,
Pretexts are into treaſon forg'd by law.
His wiſdom ſuch, at once it did appear
Three kingdoms wonder, and three kingdoms fear;
Whilſt ſingle he ſtood forth, and ſeem'd, although
Each had an army, as an equal foe.
Such was his force of eloquence, to make
The hearers more concern'd than he that ſpake;
Each ſeem'd to act that part he came to ſee,
And none was more a looker-on than he;
So did he move our paſſions, ſome were known
To wiſh, for the defence, the crime their own.
Now private pity ſtrove with public hate,
Reaſon with rage, and eloquence with fate:
Now they could him, if he could them forgive;
He's not too guilty, but too wiſe to live;
Leſs ſeem thoſe facts which treaſon's nick-name bore,
Than ſuch a fear'd ability for more.
They after death their fears of him expreſs,
His innocence, and their own guilt confeſs.

Their legiſlative frenzy they repent:
Enacting it ſhould make no precedent.
This fate he could have 'ſcap'd, but would not loſe
Honour for life, but rather nobly choſe
Death from their fears, than ſafety from his own,
That his laſt action all the reſt might crown.

On Mr THO. KILLIGREW's return from Venice, and Mr WILLIAM MURRAY's From Scotland.

OUR reſident 'Tom,
From Venice is come,
And hath left the ſtateſman behind him:
Talks at the ſame pitch,
Is as wiſe, is as rich,
And juſt where you left him, you find him:

But who ſays he was not
A man of much plot,
May repent that falſe accuſation;
Having plotted and penn'd
Six plays, to attend
The farce of his negotiation.

Before you were told
How Satan * the old
Came here with a beard to his middle;
Though he chang'd face and name,

* Mr W. Murray.

Old Will was the ſame,
At the noiſe of a can and a fiddle.

Theſe ſtateſmen, you believe,
Send ſtrait for the ſheriff,
For he is one too, or would be;
But he drinks no wine,
Which is a ſhrewd ſign
That all's not ſo well as it ſhould be.

Theſe three, when they drink,
How little do they think
Of baniſhment, debts, or dying?
Not old with their years,
Nor cold with their fears;
But their angry ſtars ſtill defying.

Mirth makes them not mad,
Nor ſobriety ſad;
But of that they are ſeldom in danger;
At Paris, at Rome,
At the Hague, they're at home;
The good fellow is no where a ſtranger.

SARPEDON's SPEECH TO GLAUCUS, IN THE TWELFTH BOOK OF HOMER.

THUS to Glaucus ſpake
Divine Sarpedon, ſince he did not find
Others as great in place, as great in mind.
Above the reſt why is our pomp, our pow'r?

Our flocks, our herds, and our poſſeſſions more?
Why all the tributes land and ſea affords
Heap'd in great chargers, load our ſumptuous boards?
Our chearful gueſts carowſe the ſparkling tears
Of the rich grape, whilſt muſic charms their ears.
Why as we paſs, do thoſe on Xanthus ſhore,
As gods beholds us, and as gods adore?
But that as well in danger, as degree,
We ſtand the firſt; that when our Lycians ſee
Our brave examples, they admiring ſay,
Behold our gallant leaders! theſe are they
Deſerve the greatneſs; and unenvy'd ſtand:
Since what they act, tranſcends what they command.
Could the declining of thïs fate (oh friend)
Our date to immortality extend?
Or if death ſought not them, who ſeek not death,
Would I advance? or ſhould my vainer breath
With ſuch a glorious folly thee inſpire?
But ſince with fortune nature doth conſpire,
Since age, diſeaſe, or ſome leſs noble end,
Though not leſs certain, doth our days attend;
Since 'tis decreed, and to this period lead
A thouſand ways, the nobleſt path we'll tread;
And bravely on, till they, or we, or all,
A common ſacrifice to honour fall.

FRIENDSHIP AND SINGLE LIFE,

AGAINST

LOVE AND MARRIAGE.

LOVE! in what poiſon is thy dart
Dipt, when it makes a bleeding heart?
None know, but they who feel the ſmart.

It is not thou, but we are blind,
And our corporeal eyes (we find)
Dazzle the opticks of our mind:

Love to our citadel reſorts,
Through thoſe deceitful ſally-ports,
Our ſentinels betray our forts.

What ſubtile witchcraft man conſtrains,
To change his pleaſure into pains,
And all his freedom into chains?

May not a priſon, or a grave,
Like wedlock, honour's title have?
That word makes free-born man a ſlave.

How happy he that loves not, lives!
Him neither hope nor fear deceives,
To fortune who no hoſtage gives.

How unconcern'd in things to come!
If here uneaſy; finds at Rome,
At Paris, or Madrid, his home.

Secure from low and private ends,
His life, his zeal, his wealth attends
His prince, his country, and his friends.

Danger and honour are his joy;
But a fond wife, or wanton boy,
May all thoſe generous thoughts deſtroy.

Then he lays bye the public care,
Thinks of providing for an heir;
Learns how to get, and how to ſpare.

Nor fire, nor foe, nor fate, nor night,
The Trojan hero did affright,
Who bravely twice renew'd the fight,

Though ſtill his foes in number grew,
Thicker their darts and arrows flew,
Yet left alone, no fear he knew.

But death in all her forms appears,
From ev'ry thing he ſees and hears,
For whom he leads, and whom he * bears.

Love making all thing elſe his foes,

* His father and ſon.

Like a fierce torrent, overflows
Whatever doth his courſe oppoſe.

This was the cauſe the poets ſung,
Thy mother from the ſea was ſprung;
But they were mad to make thee young.

Her father, not her ſon, art thou:
From our deſires our actions grow;
And from the cauſe th' effect muſt flow.

Love is as old as place or time;
'Twas he the fatal tree did climb,
Grandſire of father Adam's crime.

Well may'ſt thou keep this world in awe;
Religion, wiſdom, honour, law,
The tyrant in his triumph draw.

'Tis he commands the pow'rs above;
Phœbus reſigns his darts, and Jove
His thunder, to the God of Love.

To him doth his feign'd mother yield;
Nor Mars (her champion's) flaming ſhield
Guards him, when Cupid takes the field.

He clips Hope's wings, whoſe airy bliſs
Much higher than fruition is;
But leſs than nothing, if it miſs.

When matches Love alone projects,
The cauſe tranſcending the effects,
That wild-fire's quencht in cold neglects.

Whilſt thoſe conjunctions prove the beſt,
Where Love's of blindneſs diſpoſſeſt,
By perſpectives of intereſt.

Though Solomon with a thouſand wives,
To get a wiſe ſucceſſor ſtrives,
But one (and he a fool) ſurvives.

Old Rome of children took no care,
They with their friends their beds did ſhare.
Secure t' adopt a hopeful heir.

Love, drowſy days and ſtormy nights
Makes; and breaks friendſhip, whoſe delights
Feed, but not glut our appetites.

Well choſen friendſhip, the moſt noble
Of virtues, all our joys makes double,
And into halves divides our trouble.

But when th' unlucky knot we tye,
Care, av'rice, fear, and jealouſy
Make friendſhip languiſh till it dye.

The wolf, the lion, and the bear,
When they their prey in pieces tear,
To quarrel with themſelves forbear.

Yet timorous deer, and harmleſs ſheep,
When love into their veins doth creep,
That law of nature ceaſe to keep.

Who then can blame the am'rous boy,
Who the fair Helen to enjoy
To quench his own, ſet fire on Troy?

Such is the world's prepoſterous fate,
Amongſt all creatures, mortal hate
Love (though immortal) doth create.

But love may beaſts excuſe, for they
Their actions not by reaſon ſway,
But their brute appetites obey.

But man's that ſavage beaſt, whoſe mind
From reaſon to ſelf-love declin'd,
Delights to prey upon his kind.

On Mr ABRAHAM COWLEY his Death and Burial amongſt the ANCIENT POETS.

OLD Chaucer, like the morning ſtar,
To us diſcovers day from far;
His light thoſe miſts and clouds diſſolv'd,
Which our dark nation long involv'd:
But he deſcending to the ſhades,
Darkneſs again the age invades.
Next (like Aurora) Spencer roſe,
Whoſe purple bluſh the day foreſhews;

The other three, with his own fires,
Phœbus, the poets god, inſpires;
By Shakeſpear's, Johnſon's, Fletcher's lines,
Our ſtage's luſtre Rome's out-ſhines:
Theſe poets near our princes ſleep,
And in one grave their manſion keep.
They liv'd to ſee ſo many days,
'Till time had blaſted all their bays:
But curſed be the fatal hour
That pluck'd the faireſt, ſweeteſt flow'r
That in the muſes garden grew,
And amongſt wither'd laurels threw.
Time which made them their fame out-live,
To Cowley ſcarce did ripeneſs give.
Old mother Wit, and Nature, gave
Shakeſpear and Fletcher all they have;
In Spencer, and in Johnſon, art
Of ſlower nature got the ſtart;
But both in him ſo equal are,
None knows which bears the happieſt ſhare;
To him no author was unknown,
Yet what he wrote was all his own;
He melted not the ancient gold,
Nor with Ben Johnſon, did make bold
To plunder all the Roman ſtores
Of poets, and of orators:
Horace's wit, and Virgil's ſtate,
He did not ſteal, but emulate!
And when he would like them appear,
Their garb, but not their cloaths, did wear:
He not from Rome alone, but Greece,
Like Jaſon, brought the golden fleece;

To him that language (though to none
Of th' others) as his own was known.
On a ſtiff gale (as Flaccus † ſings)
The Theban ſwan extends his wings,
When through th' aetherial clouds he flies,
To the ſame pitch our ſwan doth riſe;
Old Pindar's flights by him are reach'd,
When on that gale his wings are ſtretch'd;
His fancy and his judgment ſuch,
Each to the other ſeem'd too much,
His ſevere judgment (giving law)
His modeſt fancy kept in awe:
As rigid huſbands jealous are,
When they believe their wives too fair.
His Engliſh ſtreams ſo pure did flow,
As all that ſaw and taſted know.
But for his Latin vein, ſo clear,
Strong, * full, and high it doth appear,
That were immortal Virgil here,
Him, for his judge, he would not fear;
Of that great potraiture, ſo true
A copy pencil never drew.
My Muſe her ſong had ended here,
But both their Genii ſtrait appear,
Joy and amazement her did ſtrike,
'Two twins ſhe never ſaw ſo like.
'Twas taught by wiſe Pythagoras,
One ſoul might through more bodies paſs.
Seeing ſuch tranſmigration there,

† His Pindarics. * His laſt works.

She thought it not a fable here.
Such a reſemblance of all parts,
Life, death, age, fortune, nature, arts;
Then lights her torch at theirs, to tell,
And ſhew the world this parallel:
Fix'd and contemplative their looks,
Still turning over Nature's books:
Their works chaſte, moral, and divine,
Where profit and delight combine;
They gilding dirt, in noble verſe
Ruſtic philoſophy rehearſe.
When heroes, gods, or god-like kings,
They praiſe, on their exalted wings
To the celeſtial orbs they climb,
And with th'harmonious ſpheres keep time:
Nor did their actions fall behind
Their word, but with like candour ſhin'd;
Each drew fair characters, yet none
Of theſe they feign'd, excels their own.
Both by two generous princes lov'd,
Who knew, and judg'd what they approv'd.
Yet having each the ſame deſire,
Both from the buſy throng retire.
Their bodies, to their minds reſign'd,
Car'd not to propagate their kind:
Yet though both fell before their hour,
Time on their off-ſpring hath no pow'r,
Nor fire, nor fate their bays ſhall blaſt,
Nor death's dark veil their day o'ercaſt.

A SPEECH againſt PEACE at the CLOSE COMMITTEE.

To the Tune of, *I went from England.*

BUT will you now to peace incline,
And languiſh in the main deſign,
And leave us in the lurch?
I would not monarchy deſtroy,
But as the only way t' enjoy
The ruin of the church.

Is not the biſhops bill deny'd,
And we ſtill threaten'd to be try'd?
You ſee the king embraces
Thoſe counſels he approv'd before:
Nor doth he promiſe, which is more,
That we ſhall have thair places.

Did I for this bring in the Scot?
(For 'tis no ſecret now) the plot
Was Saye's and mine together;
Did I for this return again,
And ſpend a winter there in vain,
Once more t' invite them hither?

Though more our money than our cauſe
Their brotherly aſſiſtance draws,
My labour was not loſt.

At my return I brought you thence
Neceſſity, their ſtrong pretence,
And theſe ſhall quit the coſt.

Did I for this my country bring
To help their knight againſt their king,
And raiſe the firſt ſedition?
Though I the buſineſs did decline,
Yet I contriv'd the whole deſign,
And ſent them their petition.

So many nights ſpent in the city
In that inviſible committee,
The wheel that governs all.
From thence the change in church and ſtate,
And all the miſchief bears the date
From Haberdaſhers Hall.

Did we force Ireland to deſpair,
Upon the king to caſt the war,
To make the world abhor him,
Becauſe the rebels us'd his name?
Though we ourſelves can do the ſame,
While both alike were for him.

Then the ſame fire we kindled here
With what was given to quench it there,
And wiſely loſt that nation:
To do as crafty beggars uſe,
To maim themſelves, thereby t' abuſe
The ſimple man's compaſſion.

Have I ſo often paſt between
Windſor and Weſtminſter, unſeen,
And did myſelf divide:
To keep his excellence in awe,
And give the parliament the law?
For they knew none beſide.

Did I for this take pains to teach
Our zealous ignorants to preach,
And did their lungs inſpire;
Gave them their texts, ſhew'd them their parts,
And taught them all their little arts,
To fling abroad the fire?

Sometimes to beg, ſometimes to threaten,
And ſay the cavaliers are beaten,
To ſtroke the people's ears;
Then ſtraight when victory grows cheap,
And will no more advance the heap,
To raiſe the price of fears.

And now the books, and now the bells,
And now our act the preacher tells,
To edify the people;
All our divinity is news,
And we have made of equal uſe
The pulpit and the ſteeple.

And ſhall we kindle all this flame
Only to put it out again,
And muſt we now give o'er,

And only end where we begun?
In vain this miſchief we have done,
If we can do no more.

If men in peace can have their right,
Where's the neceſſity to fight,
That breaks both law, and oath?
They'll ſay they fight not for the cauſe,
Nor to defend the king and laws,
But us againſt them both.

Either the cauſe at firſt was ill,
Or being good, it is ſo ſtill;
And thence they will infer,
That either now or at the firſt
They were deceiv'd; or, which is worſt,
That we ourſelves may err.

But plague and famine will come in,
For they and we are near of kin,
And cannot go aſunder:
But while the wicked ſtarve, indeed
The ſaints have ready at their need
God's providence, and plunder.

Princes we are, if we prevail,
And gallant villains, if we fail:
When to our fame 'tis told,
It will not be our leaſt of praiſe,
Since a new ſtate we could not raiſe,
To have deſtroy'd the old.

Then let us ſtay and fight, and vote,
Till London is not worth a groat;
Oh 'tis a patient beaſt!
When we have gaul'd and tir'd the mule,
And can no longer have the rule,
We'll have the ſpoil at leaſt.

To the FIVE MEMBERS of the Honourable HOUSE OF COMMONS.

The HUMBLE PETITION of the POETS.

AFTER ſo many concurring petitions
From all ages and ſexes, and all conditions,
We come in the rear to preſent our follies
To Pym, Stroude, Haſlerig, H. and H.
Though ſet form of prayer be an abomination,
Set forms of petitions find great approbation;
Therefore, as others from the bottom of their ſouls,
So we from the depth and bottom of our bowls,
According unto the bleſs'd form you have taught us,
We thank you firſt for the ills you have brought us:
For the good we receive we thank him that gave it,
And you for the confidence only to crave it.
Next, in courſe, we complain of the great violation
Of privilege (like the reſt of our nation)
But 'tis none of yours of which we have ſpoken,
Which never had being until they were broken;
But ours is a privilege antient and native,

Hangs not on an ordinance, or power legiſlative.
And firſt, 'tis to ſpeak whatever we pleaſe,
Without fear of a priſon or purſuivants fees.
Next, that we only may lye by authority;
But in that alſo you have got the priority.
Next, an old cuſtom, our fathers did name it
Poetical licence, and always did claim it.
By this we have power to change age into youth,
Turn nonſenſe to ſenſe, and falſehood to truth;
In brief, to make good whatſoever is faulty;
This art ſome poet, or the devil has taught ye:
And this our property you have invaded,
And a privilege of both houſes have made it.
But that truſt above all in poets repoſed,
That kings by them only are made and depoſed,
This though you cannot do, yet you are willing:
But when we undertake depoſing or killing,
They're tyrants and monſters; and yet then the poet
Takes full revenge on the villains that do it:
And when we reſume a ſcepter or crown,
We are modeſt, and ſeek not to make it our own.
But is't not preſumption to write verſes to you,
Who make better poems by far of the two?
For all thoſe pretty knacks you compoſe,
Alas! what are they but poems in proſe?
And between thoſe and ours there's no difference,
But that yours want the rhime, the wit, and the ſenſe:
But for lying (the moſt noble part of a poet)
You have it abundantly, and yourſelves know it;
And though you are modeſt and ſeem to abhor it,
'Thas done you good ſervice, and thank hell for it:
Although the old maxim remains ſtill in force,

That a ſanctify'd cauſe muſt have a ſanctify'd courſe,
If poverty be a part of our trade,
So far the whole kingdom poets you have made,
Nay even ſo far as undoing will do it,
You have made king Charles himſelf a poet:
But provoke not his Muſe, for all the world knows,
Already you have had too much of his proſe.

A
WESTERN WONDER.

DO you not know, not a fortnight ago,
How they bragg'd of a Weſtern Wonder?
When a hundred and ten ſlew five thouſand men,
With the help of lightning and thunder?

There Hopton was ſlain again and again,
Or elſe my author did lye;
With a new Thankſgiving, for the dead who are living,
To God, and his ſervant Chidleigh.

But now on which ſide was this miracle try'd,
I hope we at laſt are even;
For Sir Ralph and his knaves are riſen from their graves,
To cudgel the clowns of Devon.

And there Stamford came, for his honour was lame
Of the gout three months together;
But it prov'd, when they fought, but a running gout,
For his heels were lighter than ever.

For now he out-runs his arms and his guns,
And leaves all his money behind him;
But they follow after; unleſs he take water,
At Plymouth again they will find him.

What Reading hath coſt, and Stamford hath loſt,
Goes deep in the ſequeſtrations;
Theſe wounds will not heal, with your new great ſeal,
Nor Jepſon's declarations.

Now, Peters, and Caſe, in your prayer and grace
Remember the new Thankſgiving;
Iſaac and wife, now dig for your life,
Or ſhortly you'll dig for your living.

A
SECOND WESTERN WONDER.

YOU heard of that Wonder, of the Lightning and Thunder,
Which made the lye ſo much the louder:
Now liſt to another, that miracle's brother,
Which was done with a firkin of Powder.

Oh what a damp it ſtruck through the camp!
But as for honeſt Sir Ralph,
It blew him to the Vies, without beard, or eyes,
But at leaſt three heads and a half.

When out came the book, which the News-monger took
From the Preaching Ladies letter,

Where in the firſt place, ſtood the conqueror's face,
Which made it ſhew much the better.

But now without lying, you may paint him flying,
At Briſtol they ſay you may find him,
Great William the Con, ſo faſt he did run,
That he left half his name behind him.

And now came the poſt, ſave all that was loſt,
But alas, we are paſt deceiving
By a trick ſo ſtale, or elſe ſuch a tale
Might amount to a new Thankſgiving.

This made Mr Caſe, with a pitiful face,
In the pulpit to fall a weeping,
Though his mouth utter'd lyes, truth fell from his eyes:
Which kept the Lord Mayor from ſleeping.

Now ſhut up ſhops, and ſpend your laſt drops,
For the laws not your cauſe, you that loath 'em,
Leſt Eſſex ſhould ſtart, and play the ſecond part
Of worſhipful Sir John Hotham.

A SONG.

MORPHEUS, the humble God, that dwells
In cottages and ſmoaky cells,
Hates gilded roofs and beds of down;
And though he fears no prince's frown,
Flies from the circle of a crown.

Come, I ſay, thou pow'rful God,
And thy leaden charming rod,
Dipt in the Lethean lake,
O'er his wakeful temples ſhake,
Leſt he ſhould ſleep, and never wake.

Nature (alas) why art thou ſo
Obliged to thy greateſt foe?
Sleep that is thy beſt repaſt,
Yet of death it bears a taſte,
And both are the ſame thing at laſt.

ON

Mr JOHN FLETCHER's Works.

SO ſhall we joy, when all whom beaſts and worms
Have turn'd to their own ſubſtances and forms:
Whom earth to earth, or fire hath chang'd to fire,
We ſhall behold more than at firſt entire;
As now we do, to ſee all thine thy own
In this thy Muſe's reſurrection,
Whoſe ſcatter'd parts from thy own race, more wounds
Hath ſuffer'd, than Acteon from his hounds;
Which firſt their brains, and then their belly fed,
And from their excrements new poets bred.
But now thy Muſe enraged, from her urn
Like ghoſts of murder'd bodies does return
T' accuſe the murderers, to right the ſtage,
And undeceive the long abuſed age,

Which caſts thy praiſe on them, to whom thy wit
Gives no more gold than they give droſs to it:
Who not content like felons to purloin,
Add treaſon to it, and debaſe the coin.
But whether am I ſtraid? I need not raiſe
Trophies to thee from other mens diſpraiſe;
Nor is thy fame on leſſer ruins built,
Nor need thy juſter title the foul guilt
Of caſtern kings, who to ſecure their reign,
Muſt have their brothers, ſons, and kindred ſlain.
Then was wit's empire at the fatal height,
When labouring and ſinking with its weight,
From thence a thouſand leſſer poets ſprung,
Like petty princes from the fall of Rome?
When Johnſon, Shakeſpear, and thyſelf did ſit,
And ſway'd in the triumvirate of wit-----
Yet what from Johnſon's oil and ſweat did flow,
Or what more eaſy nature did beſtow
On Shakeſpear's gentler muſe, in thee full grown
Their graces both appear, yet ſo that none
Can ſay here Nature ends, and Art begins,
But mix'd like th' elements, and born like twins,
So interwove, ſo like, ſo much the ſame,
None, this meer Nature, that meer Art can name:
'Twas this the ancients meant: Nature and ſkill
Are the two tops of their Parnaſſus' hill.

TO

Sir RICHARD FANSHAW,

Upon his Tranſlation of

PASTOR FIDO.

SUCH is our pride, our folly, or our fate,
That few but ſuch as cannot write, tranſlate.
But what in them is want of art or voice,
In thee is either modeſty or choice.
While this great piece, reſtor'd by thee, doth ſtand
Free from the blemiſh of an artleſs hand.
Secure of fame, thou juſtly doſt eſteem
Leſs honour to create, than to redeem.
Nor ought a genius leſs than his that writ,
Attempt tranſlation; for tranſplanted wit,
All the defects of air and ſoil doth ſhare,
And colder brains like colder climates are:
In vain they toil, ſince nothing can beget
A vital ſpirit but a vital heat.
That ſervile path thou nobly doſt decline
Of tracing word by word, and line by line.
Thoſe are the labour'd births of ſlaviſh brains,
Not the effect of poetry, but pains;
Cheap vulgar arts, whoſe narrowneſs affords
No flight for thoughts, but poorly ſticks at words.
A new and nobler way thou doſt purſue
To make tranſlations and tranſlators too.

They but preſerve the aſhes, thou the flame,
True to his ſenſe, but truer to his fame.
Fording his current, where thou find'ſt it low,
Let'ſt in thine own to make it riſe and flow;
Wiſely reſtoring whatſoever grace
It loſt by change of times, or tongues, or place.
Nor fetter'd to his numbers and his times,
Betray'ſt his muſic to unhappy rhimes.
Nor are the nerves of his compacted ſtrength
Stretch'd and diſſolv'd into unſinew'd length:
Yet after all, (leſt we ſhould think it thine),
Thy ſpirit to his circle doſt confine.
New names, new dreſſings, and the modern caſt,
Some ſcenes, ſome perſons alter'd, and outfac'd
The world, it were thy work; for we have known
Some thank'd and prais'd for what was leſs their own.
That maſter's hand which to the life can trace
The airs, the lines, and features of the face,
May with a free and bolder ſtroke expreſs
A vary'd poſture, or a flatt'ring dreſs;
He could have made thoſe like, who made the reſt,
But that he knew his own deſign was beſt.

PREFACE

TO THE

PROGRESS OF LEARNING.

MY early miſtreſs, now my antient muſe,
That ſtrong Circæan *liquor ceaſe t' infuſe,*
Wherewith thou didſt intoxicate my youth,
Now ſtoop with diſinchanted wings to truth;
As the doves flight did guide Æneas, *now*
May thine conduct me to the golden bough;
Tell (like a tall old oak) how learning ſhoots
To heav'n her branches, and to hell her roots.

THE PROGRESS OF LEARNING.

WHEN God from earth form'd Adam in the eaſt,
He his own image on the clay impreſt;
As ſubjects then the whole creation came,
And from their natures Adam them did name,
Not from experience, (for the world was new),
He only from their cauſe their natures knew.
Had memory been loſt with innocence,
We had not known the ſentence nor th' offence;
'Twas his chief puniſhment to keep in ſtore
The ſad remembrance what he was before;
And though th' offending part felt mortal pain,
Th' immortal part its knowledge did retain.
After the flood, arts to Chaldæa fell,
The father of the faithful there did dwell,
Who both their parent and inſtructor was;
From thence did learning into Ægypt paſs;
Moſes in all th' Ægyptian arts was ſkill'd,
When heav'nly pow'r that choſen veſſel fill'd;
And we to his high inſpiration owe,
That what was done before the flood, we know.
From Ægypt, arts their progreſs made to Greece,
Wrapt in the fable of the golden fleece.
Muſæus firſt, then Orpheus civilize
Mankind, and gave the world their deities;
To many gods they taught devotion,
Which were the diſtinct faculties of one;

Th' eternal cauſe, in their immortal lines
Was taught, and poets were the firſt divines;
God Moſes firſt, then David did inſpire,
To compoſe anthems for his heav'nly quire;
To th' one the ſtyle of friend he did impart,
On th' other ſtamp the likeneſs of his heart:
And Moſes, in the old original,
Ev'n God the Poet of the world doth call.
Next thoſe old Greeks, Pythagoras did riſe,
Then Socrates, whom th' oracle call'd wiſe;
The divine Plato moral virtue ſhows,
Then his diſciple Ariſtotle roſe,
Who nature's ſecrets to the world did teach,
Yet that great ſoul our noveliſts impeach;
Too much manuring fill'd that field with weeds.
While ſects, like locuſts, did deſtroy the ſeeds;
The tree of knowledge blaſted by diſputes,
Produces ſapleſs leaves inſtead of fruits;
Proud Greece, all nations elſe barbarians held,
Boaſting her learning all the world excell'd.
Flying from thence *, to Italy it came,
And to the realm of Naples gave the name,
Till both their nation and their arts did come
A welcome trophy to triumphant Rome;
Then whereſo'er her conqu'ring eagles fled,
Arts, learning, and civility were ſpread;
And as in this, our microcoſm, the heart
Heat, ſpirit, motion gives to ev'ry part;
So Rome's victorious influence did diſperſe
All her own virtues through the univerſe.

* Graecia Major.

Here ſome digreſſion I muſt make, t' accuſe
Thee, my forgetful, and ingrateful Muſe:
Couldſt thou from Greece to Latium take thy flight,
And not to thy great anceſtor do right?
I can no more believe old Homer blind,
Than thoſe, who ſay the ſun hath never ſhin'd;
The age wherein he liv'd was dark, but he
Could not want ſight, who taught the world to ſee:
They who Minerva from Jove's head derive,
Might make old Homer's ſkull the Muſe's hive;
And from his brain, that Helicon diſtil,
Whoſe racy liquor did his offspring fill.
Nor old Anacreon, Heſiod, Theocrite,
Muſt we forget, nor Pindar's lofty flight.
Old Homer's ſoul, at laſt from Greece retir'd,
In Italy the Mantuan ſwain inſpir'd.
When great Auguſtus made war's tempeſts ceaſe,
His halcyon days brought forth the arts of peace;
He ſtill in his triumphant chariot ſhines,
By Horace drawn, and Virgil's mighty lines.
'Twas certainly myſterious that the name
Of prophets and of poets is the ſame *;
What the tragedian † wrote, the late ſucceſs
Declares was inſpiration, and not gueſs:
As dark a truth that author did unfold,
As oracles, or prophets ere foretold:
" At laſt the ocean ſhall unlock the ‡ bound
" Of things, and a new world by Tiphys found,
" Then ages far remote ſhall underſtand
" The iſle of Thule is not the fartheſt land."

* Vates. † Seneca. ‡ The Prophecy.

Sure God, by theſe diſcov'ries, did deſign
That his clear light thro' all the world ſhould ſhine;
But the obſtruction from that diſcord ſprings
The prince of darkneſs made 'twixt Chriſtian kings;
That peaceful age with happineſs to crown,
From heav'n the Prince of peace himſelf came down,
Then the true ſon of knowledge firſt appęar'd,
And the old dark myſterious clouds were clear'd,
The heavy cauſe of th' old accurſed flood
Sunk in the ſacred deluge of his blood.
His paſſion, man from his firſt fall redeem'd;
Once more to Paradiſe reſtor'd we ſeem'd;
Satan himſelf was bound, till th' iron chain
Our pride did break, and let him looſe again.
Still the old ſting remain'd, and man began
To tempt the ſerpent, as he tempted man:
Then hell ſends forth her furies, Avarice, Pride,
Fraud, Diſcord, Force, Hypocriſy, their guide;
Though the foundation on a rock were laid,
The church was undermin'd, and then betray'd;
Though the apoſtles theſe events foretold,
Yet e'en the ſhepherd did devour the fold:
The fiſher to convert the world began,
The pride convincing of vain-glorious man;
But ſoon his followers grew a ſov'reign lord,
And Peter's keys exchang'd for Peter's ſword,
Which ſtill maintains for his adopted ſon
Vaſt patrimonies, though himſelf had none;
Wreſting the text to the old giant's ſenſe,
That heav'n, once more, muſt ſuffer violence.
Then ſubtle doctors, ſcriptures made their prize,
Caſuiſts, like cocks, ſtruck out each other's eyes;

Then dark diſtinctions reaſon's light diſguis'd,
And into atoms truth anatomiz'd.
Then Mahomet's creſcent by our feuds increas'd,
Blaſted the learn'd remainder of the eaſt:
That project, when from Greece to Rome it came,
Made mother Ignorance Devotion's dame;
Then, he whom Lucifer's own pride did ſwell,
His faithful emiſſary, roſe from hell
To poſſeſs Peter's chair, that Hildebrand
Whoſe foot on mitres, then on crowns did ſtand,
And before that exalted idol, all
(Whom we call gods on earth) did proſtrate fall.
Then darkneſs Europe's face did over-ſpread,
From lazy cells where ſuperſtition bred,
Which, link'd with blind obedience, ſo increas'd,
That the whole world, ſome ages, they oppreſs'd;
Till thro' theſe clouds the ſon of knowledge brake,
And Europe from her lethargy did wake:
Then firſt our monarchs were acknowledg'd here,
That they their churches nurſing fathers were.
When Lucifer no longer could advance
His works on the falſe ground of ignorance,
New arts he tries, and new deſigns he lays,
Then his well-ſtudy'd maſter-piece he plays;
Loyola, Luther, Calvin, he inſpires,
And kindles, with infernal flames, their fires,
Sends the forerunner (conſcious of th' event)
Printing, his moſt pernicious inſtrument!
Wild controverſy then, which long had ſlept,
Into the preſs from ruin'd cloyſters leapt;
No longer by implicit faith we err,
Whilſt ev'ry man's his own interpreter;

No more conducted now by Aaron's rod,
Lay-elders, from their ends create their God.
But ſeven wiſe men the antient world did know,
We ſcarce know ſeven, who think themſelves not ſo.
When man learn'd undefil'd religion,
We were commanded to be all as one;
Fiery diſputes that union have calcin'd,
Almoſt as many minds as men we find,
And when that flame finds combuſtible earth,
Thence fatuus fires, and meteors take their birth,
Legions of ſects, and inſects come in throngs;
To name them all would tire a hundred tongues.
So were the centaurs of Ixion's race,
Who a bright cloud for Juno did embrace;
And ſuch the monſters of Chimaera's kind,
Lions before, and dragons were behind.
Then from the claſhes between popes and kings,
Debate, like ſparks from flints colliſion, ſprings:
As Jove's loud thunder-bolts were forg'd by heat,
The like, our cyclops on their anvils beat;
All the rich mines of learning ranſack'd are,
To furniſh ammunition for this war:
Uncharitable zeal our reaſon whets,
And double edges on our paſſion ſets;
'Tis the moſt certain ſign, the world's accurſt,
That the beſt things corrupted, are the worſt;
'Twas the corrupted light of knowledge, hurl'd
Sin, death, and ignorance o'er all the world;
That ſun like this, (from which our ſight we have)
Gaz'd on too long, reſumes the light he gave;
And when thick miſts of doubts obſcure his beams,
Our guide is error, and our viſions, dreams;

'Twas no falſe heraldry, when Madneſs drew
Her pedigree from thoſe who too much knew;
Who in deep mines, for hidden knowledge toils,
Like guns o'er-charg'd, breaks, miſſes, or recoils;
When ſubtle wits have ſpun their thread too fine,
'Tis weak and fragile like Arachne's line:
True piety, without ceſſation toſt
By theories, the practic part is loſt,
And like a ball bandy'd 'twixt pride and wit,
Rather than yield, both ſides the prize will quit:
Then whilſt his foe each gladiator foils,
The athieſt looking on, enjoys the ſpoils.
Through ſeas of knowledge we our courſe advance,
Diſcov'ring ſtill new worlds of ignorance;
And theſe diſcov'ries make us all confeſs
That ſublunary ſcience is but gueſs,
Matters of fact to man are only known,
And what ſeems more, is mere opinion;
The ſtanders-by ſee clearly this event,
All parties ſay they're ſure, yet all diſſent;
With their new light our bold inſpectors preſs
Like Cham, to ſhew their father's nakedneſs,
By whoſe example, after-ages may
Diſcover, we more naked are than they;
All human wiſdom to divine, is folly;
This truth, the wiſeſt man made melancholy;
Hope, or belief, or gueſs, give ſome relief,
But to be ſure we are deceiv'd, brings grief:
Who thinks his wife is virtuous, though not ſo,
Is pleas'd, and patient, till the truth he know.
Our God when heav'n and earth he did create,
Form'd man, who ſhould of both participate;

If our lives motions theirs muſt imitate,
Our knowledge, like our blood, muſt circulate.
When, like a bridegroom from the eaſt, the ſun
Sets forth, he thither, whence he came, doth run;
Into earth's ſpungy veins the ocean ſinks,
Thoſe rivers to repleniſh which he drinks;
So learning which from reaſon's fountain ſprings,
Back to the ſource, ſome ſecret channel brings.
'Tis happy when our ſtreams of knowledge flow
To fill their banks, but not to overthrow.

Ut metit Autumnus fruges quas parturit Æſtas,
Sic Ortum Natura, dedit Deus his quoque Finem.

PREFACE

To the DESTRUCTION of TROY, &c.

THERE are so few translations which deserve praise, that I scarce ever saw any which deserved pardon; those who travel in that kind being for the most part so unhappy, as to rob others, without enriching themselves, pulling down the fame of good authors, without raising their own: Neither hath any author been more hardly dealt withal than this our master; and the reason is evident, for, what is most excellent, is most inimitable; and if even the worst authors are yet made worse by their translators, how impossible is it not to do great injury to the best? and therefore I have not the vanity to think my copy equal to the original, nor (consequently) myself altogether guiltless of what I accuse others; but if I can do Virgil less injury than others have done, it will be, in some degree, to do him right: And indeed, the hope of doing him more right, is the only scope of this essay, by opening a new way of translating this author, to those whom youth, leisure, and better fortune make fitter for such undertakings.

I conceive it is a vulgar error in translating poets, to affect being Fidus Interpres; let that care be with them who deal in matters of fact, or matters of faith: But whosoever aims at it in poetry, as he attempts what is not required, so he shall never perform what he attempts; for it is not his business alone to translate language into language, but poesie into poesie; and poesie is of so subtile a spirit, that in the pouring out of one language into another, it will all evaporate; and if a new spirit be not added to the transfusion, there will remain

nothing but a caput mortuum, there being certain graces and happineſſes peculiar to every language, which give life and energy to the words; and whoſoever offers at verbal tranſlation, ſhall have the misfortune of that young traveller, who loſt his own language abroad, and brought home no other inſtead of it: For the grace of the Latin will be loſt by being turned into Engliſh words; and the grace of the Engliſh by being turned into the Latin phraſe. And as ſpeech is the apparel of our thoughts, ſo are there certain garbs and modes of ſpeaking, which vary with the times; the faſhion of our cloaths being not more ſubject to alteration, than that of our ſpeech: And this I think Tacitus meant, by that which he calls *Sermonem temporis iſtius auribus accommodatum;* the delight of change being as due to the curioſity of the ear, as of the eye: And therefore, if *Virgil* muſt needs ſpeak Engliſh, it were fit he ſhould ſpeak not only as a man of this nation, but as a man of this age; and if this diſguiſe I have put upon him (I wiſh I could give it a better name) ſit not naturally and eaſily on ſo grave a perſon, yet it may become him better than that fools-coat, wherein the French and Italians have of late preſented him; at leaſt, I hope it will not make him appear deformed, by making any part enormouſly bigger, or leſs than the life, (I having made it my principal care to follow him, as he made it his to follow nature, in all his proportions); neither have I any where offered ſuch violence to his ſenſe, as to make it ſeem mine, and not his. Where my expreſſions are not ſo full as his, either our language, or my art were defective, (but I rather ſuſpect myſelf); but where mine are fuller than his, they are but the impreſſions which the often reading of him hath left upon my thoughts; ſo that, if they are not his own conceptions, they are at leaſt the reſults of them; and if (being conſcious of making him ſpeak worſe than he did almoſt in every line) I err in endeavouring ſometimes to make him ſpeak better, I hope it will be judged an error on the right hand, and ſuch an one as may deſerve pardon, if not imitation.

THE DESTRUCTION OF TROY.

An Essay on the SECOND BOOK OF VIRGIL'S ÆNEIS.

Written in the year 1636.

THE ARGUMENT.

The first Book speaks of Æneas's voyage by sea, and how being cast by tempest upon the coast of Carthage, he was received by Queen Dido, who, after the feast, desires him to make the relation of the destruction of Troy; which is the Argument of this Book.

WHILE all with silence and attention wait,
Thus speaks Æneas from the bed of state;
Madam, when you command us to review
Our fate, you make our old wounds bleed anew,
And all those sorrows to my sense restore,
Whereof none saw so much, none suffer'd more:
Not the most cruel of our conqu'ring foes
So unconcern'dly can relate our woes,
As not to lend a tear; then how can I
Repress the horror of my thoughts, which fly

The ſad remembrance? Now th' expiring night
And the declining ſtars to reſt invite;
Yet ſince 'tis your command, what you ſo well
Are pleas'd to hear, I cannot grieve to tell.
By fate repell'd, and with repulſes tir'd,
The Greeks, ſo many lives and years expir'd,
A fabric like a moving mountain frame,
Pretending vows for their return; this fame
Divulges, then within the beaſt's vaſt womb
The choice and flow'r of all their troops entomb;
In view the iſle of Tenedos, once high,
In fame and wealth, while Troy remain'd, doth lie,
(Now but an unſecure and open bay)
Thither by ſtealth the Greeks their fleet convey.
We gave them gone, and to Mycenae ſail'd,
And Troy reviv'd, her mourning face unvail'd;
All through th' unguarded gates with joy reſort
To ſee the ſlighted camp, the vacant port;
Here lay Ulyſſes, there Achilles, here
The battles join'd, the Grecian fleet rode there;
But the vaſt pile th' amazed vulgar views,
Till they their reaſon in their wonder loſe.
And firſt Thymoetes moves (urg'd by the pow'r
Of fate, or fraud) to place it in the tow'r;
But Capys and the graver ſort thought fit
The Greeks ſuſpected preſent to commit
To ſeas or flames, at leaſt to ſearch and bore
The ſides, and what that ſpace contains t' explore.
Th' uncertain multitude with both engag'd,
Divided ſtands, till from the tow'r, enrag'd,
Laocoon ran, whom all the crowd attends,
Crying, what deſp'rate frenzy's this, (oh friends)

To think them gone? Judge rather their retreat
But a deſign, their gifts but a deceit;
For our deſtruction 'twas contriv'd no doubt,
Or from within by fraud, or from without
By force; yet know ye not Ulyſſes' ſhifts?
Their ſwords leſs danger carry than their gifts.
(This ſaid) againſt the horſe's ſide his ſpear
He throws, which trembles with incloſed fear,
Whilſt from the hollows of his womb proceed
Groans not his own; and had no fate decreed
Our ruin, we had fill'd with Grecian blood
The place; then Troy and Priam's throne had ſtood.
Meanwhile a fetter'd pris'ner to the king
With joyful ſhouts the Dardan ſhepherds bring,
Who to betray us did himſelf betray,
At once the taker, and at once the prey;
Firmly prepar'd, of one event ſecur'd,
Or of his death or his deſign aſſur'd.
The Trojan youth about the captive flock,
To wonder, or to pity, or to mock.
Now hear the Grecian fraud, and from this one
Conjecture all the reſt.
Diſarm'd, diſorder'd, caſting round his eyes
On all the troops that guarded him, he cries,
What land, what ſea, for me what fate attends?
Caught by my foes, condemned by my friends,
Incenſed Troy a wretched captive ſeeks
To ſacrifice; a fugitive, the Greeks.
To pity this complaint our former rage
Converts, we now enquire his parentage,
What of their counſels or affairs he knew:
Then fearleſs, he replies, great king, to you

All truth I ſhall relate: Nor firſt can I
Myſelf to be of Grecian birth deny;
And though my outward ſtate misfortune hath
Depreſt thus low, it cannot reach my faith.
You may by chance have heard the famous name
Of Palamede, who from old Belus came,
Whom, but for voting peace, the Greeks purſue,
Accus'd unjuſtly, then unjuſtly ſlew,
Yet mourn'd his death. My father was his friend,
And me to his commands did recommend,
While laws and councils did his throne ſupport,
I but a youth, yet ſome eſteem and port
We then did bear, till by Ulyſſes' craft
(Things known I ſpeak) he was of life bereft:
Since in dark ſorrow I my days did ſpend,
Till now diſdaining his unworthy end,
I could not ſilence my complaints, but vow'd
Revenge, if ever fate or chance allow'd
My wiſh'd return to Greece; from thence his hate,
From thence my crimes, and all my ills bear date:
Old guilt freſh malice gives; the peoples ears
He fills with rumours, and their hearts with fears,
And then the prophet to his party drew.
But why do I theſe thankleſs truths purſue;
Or why defer your rage? On me, for all
The Greeks, let your revenging fury fall.
Ulyſſes this, th' Atridae this deſire
At any rate. We ſtrait are ſet on fire
(Unpractis'd in ſuch myſt'ries) to enquire
The manner and the cauſe: Which thus he told,
With geſtures humble, as his tale was bold.

Oft have the Greeks (the ſiege deteſting) tyr'd
With tedious war, a ſtol'n retreat deſir'd;
And would to heav'n they'd gone: But ſtill diſmay'd
By ſeas or ſkies, unwillingly they ſtaid.
Chiefly when this ſtupendous pile was rais'd,
Strange noiſes fill'd the air; we, all amaz'd,
Diſpatch Eurypylus t' enquire our fates,
Who thus the ſentence of the gods relates:
A virgin's ſlaughter did the ſtorm appeaſe,
When firſt tow'rds Troy the Grecians took the ſeas;
Their ſafe retreat another Grecian's blood
Muſt purchaſe. All at this confounded ſtood:
Each thinks himſelf the man, the fear on all
Of what the miſchief but on one can fall.
Then Calchas (by Ulyſſes firſt inſpir'd)
Was urg'd to name whom th' angry gods requir'd;
Yet was I warn'd (for many were as well
Inſpir'd as he) and did my fate foretel.
Ten days the prophet in ſuſpenſe remain'd,
Would no man's fate pronounce; at laſt conſtrain'd
By Ithacus, he ſolemnly deſign'd
Me for the ſacrifice; the people join'd
In glad conſent, and all their common fear
Determine in my fate; the day drew near,
The ſacred rites prepar'd, my temples crown'd
With holy wreaths; then I confeſs I found
The means to my eſcape, my bonds I brake,
Fled from my guards, and in a muddy lake,
Among the ſedges all the night lay hid,
Till they their ſails had hoiſt (if ſo they did.)
And now alas no hope remains for me
My home, my father, and my ſons to ſee,

Whom they, enrag'd, will kill for my offence;
And puniſh, for my guilt, their innocence.
Thoſe gods who know the truths I now relate,
That faith which yet remains inviolate
By mortal men; by theſe I beg, redreſs
My cauſeleſs wrongs, and pity ſuch diſtreſs.
And now true pity in exchange he finds
For his falſe tears, his tongue his hands unbinds.
Then ſpake the king, be ours, whoe'er thou art;
Forget the Greeks. But firſt the truth impart,
Why did they raiſe, or to what uſe intend
This pile? to a warlike, or religious end?
Skilful in fraud, (his native art), his hands
Tow'rd heav'n he rais'd, deliver'd now from bands.
Ye pure aethereal flames, ye pow'rs ador'd
By mortal men, ye altars, and the ſword
I ſcap'd! ye ſacred fillets that involv'd
My deſtin'd head! grant I may ſtand abſolv'd
From all their laws and rights, renounce all name
Of faith or love, their ſecret thoughts proclaim;
Only, O Troy, preſerve thy faith to me,
If what I ſhall relate preſerveth thee.
From Pallas' favour, all our hopes, and all
Counſels and actions took original,
'Till Diomed (for ſuch attempts made fit
By dire conjunction with Ulyſſes' wit)
Aſſails the ſacred tow'r, the guards they ſlay,
Defile with bloody hands, and thence convey
The fatal image; ſtraight with our ſucceſs
Our hopes fell back, whilſt prodigies expreſs
Her juſt diſdain, her flaming eyes did throw
Flaſhes of lightning, from each part did flow

A briny ſweat, thrice brandiſhing her ſpear,
Her ſtatue from the ground itſelf did rear;
Then, that we ſhould our ſacrilege reſtore,
And reconvey their gods from Argos ſhore,
Calchas perſuades, till then we urge in vain
The fate of Troy. To meaſure back the main
They all conſent, but to return again,
When reinforc'd with aids of gods and men.
Thus Calchas; then inſtead of that, this pile
To Pallas was deſign'd; to reconcile
Th' offended pow'r, and expiate our guilt;
To this vaſt height and monſtrous ſtature built,
Leſt through your gates receiv'd, it might renew
Your vows to her, and her defence to you.
But if this ſacred gift you diſeſteem,
Then cruel plagues (which heav'n divert on them)
Shall fall on Priam's ſtate: But if the horſe
Your walls aſcend, aſſiſted by your force,
A league 'gainſt Greece all Aſia ſhall contract;
Our ſons then ſuff'ring what their ſires would act.
Thus by his fraud and our own faith o'ercome,
A feigned tear deſtroys us, againſt whom
Tydides nor Achilles could prevail,
Nor ten years conflict, nor a thouſand ſail.
This ſeconded by a moſt ſad portent,
Which credit to the firſt impoſture lent;
Laocoon, Neptune's prieſt, upon the day
Devoted to that god, a bull did ſlay.
When two prodigious ſerpents were deſcry'd,
Whoſe circling ſtrokes the ſea's ſmooth face divide;
Above the deep they raiſe their ſcaly creſts,
And ſtem the flood with their erected breaſts,

Their winding tails advance and ſteer their courſe,
And 'gainſt the ſhore the breaking billows force.
Now landing, from their brandiſh'd tongues there came
A dreadful hiſs, and from their eyes a flame.
Amaz'd we fly; directly in a line
Laocoon they purſue, and firſt intwine
(Each preying upon one) his tender ſons;
Then him, who armed to their reſcue runs,
They ſeiz'd, and with entangling folds embrac'd,
His neck twice compaſſing, and twice his waſte:
Their pois'nous knots he ſtrives to break and tear,
While ſlime and blood his ſacred wreaths beſmear;
Then loudly roars, as when th' enraged bull
From th' altar flies, and from his wounded ſkull
Shakes the huge ax; the conqu'ring ſerpents fly
To cruel Pallas' altar, and their lie
Under her feet, within her ſhield's extent.
We, in our fears, conclude this fate was ſent
Juſtly on him, who ſtruck the ſacred oak
With his accurſed lance. Then to invoke
The goddeſs, and let in the fatal horſe,
We all conſent.

A ſpacious breach we make, and Troy's proud wall
Built by the gods, by our own hands doth fall;
Thus, all their help to their own ruin give,
Some draw with cords, and ſome the monſter drive
With rolls and leavers: Thus our works it climbs,
Big with our fate; the youth with ſongs and rhimes,
Some dance, ſome hale the rope; at laſt let down,
It enters with a thund'ring noiſe the town.
Oh Troy, the ſeat of gods, in war renown'd!
Three times it ſtuck, as oft the claſhing ſound

Of arms was heard, yet blinded by the pow'r
Of fate, we place it in the ſacred tow'r.
Caſſandra then foretels th' event, but ſhe
Finds no belief (ſuch was the gods decree.)
The altars with freſh flow'rs we crown, and waſte
In feaſts that day, which was (alas!) our laſt.
Now by the revolution of the ſkies,
Night's ſable ſhadows from the ocean riſe,
Which heav'n and earth, and the Greek frauds involv'd,
The city in ſecure repoſe diſſolv'd,
When from the admiral's high poop appears
A light, by which the Argive ſquadron ſteers
Their ſilent courſe to Ilium's well known ſhore,
When Sinon (fav'd by the gods partial pow'r)
Opens the horſe, and through the unlock'd doors
To the free air the armed freight reſtores:
Ulyſſes, Sthenelus, Tiſander ſlide
Down by a rope, Machaon was their guide;
Atrides, Pyrrhus, Thoas, Athamas,
And Epeus, who the fraud's contriver was:
The gates they ſeize; the guards with ſleep and wine
Oppreſs'd, ſurprize and then their forces join.
'Twas then, when the firſt ſweets of ſleep repair
Our bodies ſpent with toil, our minds with care;
(The gods beſt gift) when, bath'd in tears and blood,
Before my face lamenting Hector ſtood,
His aſpect ſuch when, ſoil'd with bloody duſt,
Dragg'd by the cords which thro' his feet were thruſt
By his inſulting foe. O how transform'd,
How much unlike that Hector, who return'd
Clad in Achilles' ſpoils; when he, among
A thouſand ſhips (like Jove) his lightning flung!

His horrid beard and knotted treſſes ſtood
Stiff with his gore, and all his wounds ran blood:
Intranc'd I lay, then (weeping) ſaid, the joy,
'The hope and ſtay of thy declining Troy!
What region held thee, whence, ſo much deſir'd,
Art thou reſtor'd to us conſum'd and tir'd
With toils and deaths? but what ſad cauſe confounds
Thy once fair looks, or why appear thoſe wounds?
Regardleſs of my words, he no reply
Returns, but with a dreadful groan doth cry,
Fly from the flame, O goddeſs-born, our walls
The Greeks poſſeſs, and Troy confounded falls
From all her glories! if it might have ſtood
By any pow'r, by this right hand it ſhou'd.
What man could do, by me for Troy was done,
Take here her reliques and her gods, to run
With them thy fate, with them new walls expect,
Which, toſt on ſeas, thou ſhalt at laſt erect:
Then brings old Veſta from her ſacred quire,
Her holy wreaths, and her eternal fire.
Meanwhile the walls with doubtful cries reſound
From far (for ſhady coverts did ſurround
My father's houſe) approaching ſtill more near
The claſh of arms, and voice of men we hear:
Rouz'd from my bed, I ſpeedily aſcend
The houſes tops, and liſt'ning there attend.
As flames roll'd by the winds conſpiring force,
O'er full-ear'd corn, or torrents raging courſe,
Bears down th' oppoſing oaks, the fields deſtroys,
And mocks the plowman's toil; th' unlook'd-for noiſe
From neighb'ring hills th' amazed ſhepherd hears:
Such my ſurprize, and ſuch their rage appears.

First fell thy houſe, Ucalegon, then thine
Deiphobus; Sigaean ſeas did ſhine
Bright with Troy's flames; the trumpets dreadful ſound
The louder groans of dying men confound.
Give me my arms, I cry'd, reſolv'd to throw
Myſelf 'mong any that oppos'd the foe:
Rage, anger, and deſpair at once ſuggeſt,
That of all deaths, to die in arms was beſt.
The firſt I met was Pantheus, Phoebus' prieſt,
Who 'ſcaping with his gods and reliques fled,
And tow'rds the ſhore his little grandchild led;
Pantheus! what hope remains? what force? what place
Made good? but ſighing, he replies, Alas!
Trojans we were, and mighty Ilium was;
But the laſt period, and the fatal hour
Of Troy is come: Our glory and our pow'r
Incenſed Jove transfers to Grecian hands;
The foe within the burning town commands;
And (like a ſmother'd fire) an unſeen force
Breaks from the bowels of the fatal horſe:
Inſulting Sinon flings about the flame,
And thouſands more than e'er from Argos came
Poſſeſs the gates, the paſſes, and the ſtreets,
And theſe the ſword o'ertakes, and thoſe it meets.
The guard nor fights nor flies; their fate ſo near
At once ſuſpends their courage and their fear.
Thus by the gods, and by Atrides' words
Inſpir'd, I make my way through fire, through ſwords,
Where noiſes, tumults, out-cries and alarms
I heard; firſt Iphitus renown'd for arms
We meet, who knew us, (for the moon did ſhine)
Then Ripheus, Hypanus, and Dymas join

Their force, and young Choroebus, Mygdon's ſon,
Who, by the love of fair Caſſandra won,
Arriv'd but lately in her father's aid;
Unhappy whom the threats could not diſſuade
Of his prophetic ſpouſe.
Whom when I ſaw, yet daring to maintain
The fight, I ſaid, brave ſpirits! (but in vain)
Are you reſolv'd to follow one who dares
Tempt all extremes? The ſtate of our affairs
You ſee: The gods have left us, by whoſe aid
Our empire ſtood: Nor can the flame be ſtaid:
Then let us fall amidſt our foes; this one
Relief the vanquiſh'd have, to hope for none.
Then re-inforc'd, as in a ſtormy night,
Wolves, urged by their raging appetite,
Forage for prey, which their neglected young
With greedy jaws expect; ev'n ſo among
Foes, fire and ſwords, t' aſſured death we paſs,
Darkneſs our guide, deſpair our leader was.
Who can relate that evening's woes and ſpoils,
Or can his tears proportion to our toils?
The city, which ſo long had flouriſh'd, falls;
Death triumphs o'er the houſes, temples, walls.
Nor only on the Trojans fell this doom,
Their hearts at laſt the vanquiſh'd re-aſſume;
And now the victors fall: On all ſides fears,
Groans, and pale death in all her ſhapes appears:
Androgeus firſt with his whole troop was caſt
Upon us, with civility miſplac'd;
Thus greeting us, you loſe, by your delay,
Your ſhare, both of the honour and the prey;
Others the ſpoils of burning Troy convey

Back to thoſe ſhips, which you but now forſake.
We making no return; his ſad miſtake
Too late he finds: As when an unſeen ſnake
A traveller's unwary foot hath preſt,
Who trembling ſtarts, when the ſnake's azure creſt
Swoln with his riſing anger, he eſpies,
So from our view ſurpris'd Androgeus flies.
But here an eaſy victory we meet:
Fear binds their hands and ignorance their feet.
Whilſt fortune our firſt enterpriſe did aid,
Encourag'd with ſucceſs, Choroebus ſaid,
O friends, we now by better fates are led,
And the fair path they lead us, let us tread.
Firſt change your arms, and their diſtinctions bear;
The ſame, in foes, deceit and virtue are.
Then of his arms Androgeus he diveſts,
His ſword, his ſhield he takes, and plumed creſts,
Then Ripheus, Dymas, and the reſt, all glad
Of the occaſion, in freſh ſpoils are clad.
Thus mixt with Greeks, as if their fortune ſtill
Follow'd their ſwords, we fight, purſue, and kill.
Some re-aſcend the horſe, and he whoſe ſides
Let forth the valiant, now the coward hides.
Some to their ſafer guard, their ſhips, retire;
But vain's that hope, 'gainſt which the gods conſpire:
Behold the royal virgin, the divine
Caſſandra, from Minerva's fatal ſhrine
Dragg'd by the hair, caſting tow'rds heav'n in vain,
Her eyes; for cords her tender hands did ſtrain;
Chorœbus, at the ſpectacle enrag'd,
Flies in amidſt the foes: We thus engag'd,
To ſecond him, among the thickeſt ran;
Here firſt our ruin from our friends began,

Who from the temple's battlements a ſhow'r
Of darts and arrows on our heads did pour:
They us for Greeks, and now the Greeks (who knew
Caſſandra's reſcue) us for Trojans ſlew.
Then from all parts Ulyſſes, Ajax then,
And then th' Atridae rally all their men:
As winds, that meet from ſev'ral coaſts, conteſt,
Their priſons being broke, the ſouth and weſt,
And Eurus on his winged courſers born,
Triumphing in their ſpeed, the woods are torn,
And chaffing Nereus with his trident throws
The billows from their bottom; then all thoſe
Who in the dark our fury did eſcape,
Returning, know our borrow'd arms, and ſhape,
And diff'ring dialect: Then their number ſwell
And grow upon us; firſt Choroebus fell
Before Minerva's altar; next did bleed
Juſt Ripheus, whom no Trojan did exceed
In virtue, yet the gods his fate decreed.
Then Hypanis and Dymas, wounded by
Their friends; nor thee, Pantheus, thy piety,
Nor conſecrated mitre, from the ſame
Ill fate could ſave: My country's fun'ral flame
And Troy's cold aſhes I atteſt, and call
To witneſs for myſelf, that in their fall
No foes, no death, nor danger I declin'd,
Did, and deſerv'd no leſs my fate to find.
Now Iphitus with me, and Pelias
Slowly retire; the one retarded was
By feeble age, the other by a wound:
To court the cry directs us, where we found
The aſſault ſo hot, as if 'twere only there,

And all the reſt ſecure from foes or fear:
The Greeks the gates approach'd, their targets caſt
Over their heads, ſome ſcaling ladders plac'd
Againſt the walls, the reſt the ſteps aſcend,
And with their ſhields on their left arms defend
Arrows and darts, and with their right hold faſt
The battlement; on them the Trojans caſt
Stones, rafters, pillars, beams: Such arms as theſe,
Now hopeleſs, for their laſt defence they ſeize.
The gilded roofs, the marks of ancient ſtate,
They tumble down; and now againſt the gate
Of th' inner court their growing force they bring:
Now was our laſt effort to ſave the king,
Relieve the fainting, and ſucceed the dead.
A private gallery 'twixt th' apartments led,
Not to the foe yet known, or not obſerv'd,
(The way for Hector's hapleſs wife reſerv'd,
When to the aged king, her little ſon
She wou'd preſent) through this we paſs, and run
Up to the higheſt battlement, from whence
The Trojans threw their darts without offence.
A tow'r ſo high, it ſeem'd to reach the ſky,
Stood on the roof, from whence we could deſcry,
All Ilium---both the camps, the Grecian fleet;
This, where the beams upon the columns meet,
We looſen, which like thunder from the cloud
Breaks on their heads as ſudden and as loud.
But others ſtill ſucceed: Meantime, nor ſtones
Nor any kind of weapons ceaſe.
Before the gate in gilded armour ſhone
Young Pyrrhus, like a ſnake, his ſkin new grown,
Who, fed on pois'neſs herbs, all winter lay

Under the ground, and now reviews the day,
Freſh in his new apparel, proud and young,
Rolls up his back, and brandiſhes his tongue,
And lifts his ſcaly breaſt againſt the ſun;
With him his father's ſquire, Automedon,
And Peripas who drove his winged ſteeds,
Enter the court, whom all the youth ſucceeds
Of Scyros' iſle, who flaming firebrands flung
Up to the roof; Pyrrhus himſelf among
The foremoſt with an ax an entrance hews,
Though beams of ſolid oak, then freely views
The chambers, galleries, and rooms of ſtate,
Where Priam and the ancient monarchs ſate.
At the firſt gate an armed guard appears;
But th' inner court with horror, noiſe and tears,
Confus'dly fill'd, the womens ſhrieks and cries
The arched vaults re-echo to the ſkies;
Sad matrons wandering through the ſpacious rooms
Embrace and kiſs the poſt: Then Pyrrhus comes
Full of his father, neither men nor walls
His force ſuſtain, the torn port-cullis falls,
Then from the hinge their ſtrokes the gates divorce,
And where the way they cannot find, they force.
Not with ſuch rage a ſwelling torrent flows
Above his banks, th' oppoſing dams o'erthrows,
Depopulates the fields, the cattle, ſheep,
Shepherds and folds, the foaming ſurges ſweep.
And now between two ſad extremes I ſtood,
Here Pyrrhus and th' Atridae drunk with blood,
There th' hapleſs queen amongſt an hundred dames,
And Priam quenching from his wounds thoſe flames
Which his own hands had on the altar laid;
Then they the ſecret cabinets invade,

Where ſtood the fifty nuptial beds, the hopes
Of that great race; the golden poſt, whoſe tops
Old hoſtile ſpoils adorn'd, demoliſh'd lay,
Or to the foe, or to the fire a prey.
Now Priam's fate perhaps you may enquire:
Seeing his empire loſt, his Troy on fire,
And his own palace by the Greeks poſſeſt,
Arms long diſus'd, his trembling limbs inveſt:
Thus on his foes he throws himſelf alone,
Not for their fate, but to provoke his own.
There ſtood an altar open to the view
Of heav'n, near which an aged laurel grew,
Whoſe ſhady arms the houſhold gods embrac'd;
Before whoſe feet the queen herſelf had caſt
With all her daughters, and the Trojan wives,
As doves whom an approaching tempeſt drives
And frights into one flock; but having ſpy'd
Old Priam clad in youthful arms, ſhe cry'd,
Alas my wretched huſband, what pretence
To bear thoſe arms, and in them what defence?
Such aid ſuch times require not, when again
If Hector were alive, he liv'd in vain;
Or here we ſhall a ſanctuary find,
Or as in life, we ſhall in death be join'd.
Then weeping, with kind force held and embrac'd,
And on the ſecret ſeat the king ſhe plac'd.
Meanwhile Polites, one of Priam's ſons,
Flying the rage of bloody Pyrrhus, runs
Through foes and ſwords, and ranges all the court
And empty galleries, amaz'd and hurt;
Pyrrhus purſues him, now o'ertakes, now kills,
And his laſt blood in Priam's preſence ſpills.

The king (though him ſo many deaths incloſe)
Nor fear, nor grief, but indignation ſhows;
The gods requite thee (if within the care
Of thoſe above th' affairs of mortals are)
Whoſe fury on the ſon but loſt had been,
Had not his parents eyes his murder ſeen:
Not that Achilles (whom thou feign'ſt to be
Thy father) ſo inhuman was to me;
He bluſh'd, when I the rights of arms implor'd;
To me my Hector, me to Troy reſtor'd.
This ſaid, his feeble arm a javelin flung,
Which on the ſounding ſhield, ſcarce entring, rung.
Then Pyrrhus; Go a meſſenger to hell
Of my black deads, and to my father tell
The acts of his degen'rate race. So through
His ſon's warm blood, the trembling king he drew
To th' altar; in his hair one hand he wreaths;
His ſword, the other in his boſom ſheaths.
Thus fell the king, who yet ſurviv'd the ſtate,
With ſuch a ſignal and peculiar fate,
Under ſo vaſt a ruin, not a grave,
Nor in ſuch flames a fun'ral fire to have:
He whom ſuch titles ſwell'd, ſuch pow'r made proud,
To whom the ſcepters of all Aſia bow'd,
On the cold earth lies th' unregarded king,
A headleſs carcaſe, and a nameleſs thing.

THE END.

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